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HAVE HOPE.

BY FATHER RYAN.

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart the lowly plain,
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the mountain's head—
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the shadow of some pain,
And the smile is scarcely fitted ere the anguished tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary fear,
And those lips cannot be human which never heaved a sigh;
For without a dreary winter there has never been a year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest summer sky.

So this dreary life is passing—and we move amid its maze,
And we grope along together, half in darkness, half in light;
And our hearts are often hardened by the mysteries of our ways,
Which are never all in shadow and never wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon and our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the meaning and the key;
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it hangs the crucified,
And he answers all our yearnings by the whisper: "Follow Me."

INEZ;

—OR,—

LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

PHILIP looked up with a smile as Inez entered, when he saw her so fresh and fair, and dainty, but the smile died away when his eyes fell upon the flower she bore in her hand.

"I am afraid I disturb you," she began; "I know you spend half your mornings here; but I have something very particular to say to you. You are going to London today, are you not?"

"Yes," he replied, slowly.

"I wanted to see you before you settled about your journey," she said. "Can you guess why I am here?"

"I almost begin to fear," was his reply, and she saw his face grow pale; still there was no voice in her heart that cried to her to save or to spare him.

"I have brought back your flower," she said, gently and distinctly. "You remember what you asked with it."

He bowed without speaking, but she went on.

"It cannot be. Agatha has no wish to pain you, but it cannot be."

He took the white hyacinth from her hand.

"Does she care for some one else?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Lord Lynne," was the calm reply, "you must not question the motives of her decision. Allan Leigh has loved her for many years. She has not told me if she loves him——"

"But she does," interrupted poor Philip. "Well, God bless her. Let her do as she will. I was mad to think myself worthy of her."

He did not see the scorn that rippled for one half moment over her beautiful face.

"Why," he asked, suddenly, "did she not give me the answer herself? It was from her own lips I asked to hear my fate."

The calm, proud face never quailed or faltered, the clear, musical voice, never trembled, as she replied:

"Agatha is young. Perhaps she feared being persuaded against her will."

"She need not have feared me," he said proudly. "She has the right to refuse me if she will. I cannot understand it," he continued. "She seemed to like me, I thought."

"She is young," replied the clear voice, "and kind to every one."

Inez saw that her words touched him keenly. He was proud, and it was not pleasant to think that he had been vain enough to confound and mistake for love what was only kindness.

"The bearers of an unwelcome message often share the fate of the message they bring," said Inez, gently. "Do not let me be so unfortunate, Lord Lynne."

"No," he replied, kindly; "you can never be associated with anything unpleasant in my mind. I shall always remember how well and how gently you have fulfilled a painful mission."

No doubt, no suspicion ever crossed his mind; he was a Lynne, a gentle and a man of honor. Falsehood and treachery were unknown to him. How could he suspect? She brought him back the flower he had placed in Agatha's hand. She brought him the answer; and no one, as he thought, but Agatha had heard the question.

"My sister bade me ask two favors," she continued. "One is, that you will never pain her by alluding to the subject again; the second, that you will so time your journey as to prevent——"

"To prevent her from seeing me again until my folly is forgotten," said Lord Lynne, bitterly. "Yes—tell her in both wishes I will obey her punctually."

He did not notice the flush that seemed to scorch her face as she gave utterance to the false words; he did not notice how carefully she picked up the poor little flower that, in his hurry and agitation, he had dropped.

"I need not ask you to keep my secret, Inez," he said, calling her for the first time by her name. "You can be true, I know."

"Until death," was the reply.

"I shall not make much difference in my arrangements," he said. "I was going by the evening train, but now I shall leave at noon. Say adieu to your sister for me," he continued, taking her hand in his. "Tell her I shall bear my pain like a brave man, and that I will not seek her presence again until I am cured. Tell her I pray Heaven to bless her, and make her happy, and that we shall meet again as good and true friends."

"I will tell her," replied Inez; and for the first time her lips quivered and her eyes grew dim. He thought she sympathized with him.

"Good bye," he said; "I shall not see you again before I start."

"Good bye," she replied, calmly; but the hand he held grew cold in his grasp. The next moment she was gone.

She clenched her delicate hands as she went hastily up to her sister's room again.

"I hate myself!" she murmured. "I am a traitress—a false, living lie! Yet I swore to win at any risk, and I will."

Agatha still slept, although the morning sunbeams were playing upon her face.

Inez replaced the flower, and then bent over her sister. There was something like triumph in the beautiful dark face as she watched the unconscious sleeper.

"I have done no harm," she thought; "she is not capable of loving, and he will be happier with me."

When Agatha awoke she was startled to find her sister bending over her.

"How late I am!" she said; "but I was so tired; and I have had such pleasant dreams."

Then Inez knew by the rush of warmth and light over the fair face that she remembered all. Her eyes fell upon the flower—the flower that she was to return to-day. She did not understand why Inez, who so rarely entered her room, lingered near and would not leave her, why she talked so wittily and amusingly of the tableaux and the ball, that simple, sweet Agatha could have listened all day—why she delayed her and kept her from dressing, or from going down stairs, by saying that she was tired, and should have some tea brought to her.

The first part of her plan had succeeded even beyond her most sanguine hopes. She lingered in her sister's room, keeping watch and guard lest there should come some note or message, which, unless she was quick enough to intercept, would spoil all. Her vigilance never relaxed, until she heard the sound of carriage wheels and then she knew that the danger was past, that explanation was impossible, and that Lord Lynne had left the Hall.

Agatha wondered why all at once her sister's gay words ceased, why a stillness fell like a mask upon her face; but she had to wonder yet more, for the first news she heard was, that Lord Lynne had left the Hall.

CHAPTER IX.

AGATHA was sorely puzzled. She could not understand what Lord Lynne had meant. Why had he given her that flower? What answer did he want, which was of such little importance to him that he had left without even a message for her?

She had never been a vain girl; it was not in her to think much of her own power and gifts; she had not felt quite sure that Lord Lynne loved her. In her sweet humility, it did not seem natural to her that he should prefer one like herself to her beautiful sister. He was always kind and tender; but then he had always been so; during her father's life-time he had petted and loved her. What could he have meant? She wished Evelyn Leigh had waited three minutes longer before she had interrupted them.

"You know what I have brought you here to say," he had said to her.

Nay, that she did not. Her heart had warmed and thrilled when he uttered the words—a sweet, vague hope had come to her—but she was not sure. Had he brought her here to tell her that he loved her? It seemed like it. At the time she had felt sure. Yet it could not be so; or why had he gone away that morning without waiting for her to give him either the flower or any answer at all? It was simply incomprehensible. Only one thing was plain—he did not love her, and he had not meant that.

All day Inez watched her sister's face; it was paler, and had lost something of its bright, happy expression; there seemed to be a wondering question always in her eyes.

"When is Lord Lynne coming back?" she heard Agatha asking Mrs Lynne.

"I hardly know," replied his mother. "He left rather suddenly; he did not say much to me. He spoke of going to Scotland for shooting in September."

"Perhaps he will not come back until after then," said Agatha, gently. She would have given much to understand his strange behavior.

"I hate lies," said Inez Lynne to herself, "they blister and burn my lips,—they make me hate and scorn myself,—but I must imply, even if I do not tell, one more."

She sought her sister's room again that evening. All day she had watched the pain and wonder in that gentle face. She saw in some measure her simple, guileless sister must be satisfied. If she were allowed to go on wondering what Lord Lynne had meant, she would probably ask him the first time they met.

"I must manage two things," she said to herself. "I must satisfy her, and I must prevent them from meeting again until I am his betrothed wife."

The inflexible will, the iron resolution, the dauntless spirit never failed. She had good qualities; used for a good purpose, they might have made Inez Lynne remarkable even in a remarkable age: as it was, they helped to lose her. She hated herself with a bitter hatred for the part she had played, and for the part she had yet to play.

"Send away your maid, Agatha," she said, "and let us have a chat. I am not in the least tired."

Agatha wondered again at her sister's kindness, and felt a glow of happiness, believing that she was beginning to love her at last.

"Let us sit by the window," said Inez; "I am never tired of watching the moonlight on those trees."

Agatha drew her chair to the window, and they sat side by side, the betrayer and the betrayed. There was a strange look on the beautiful Southern face—something of shame and pain. Her breath seemed to come in thick, hot gasps, when Agatha laid her head caressing upon her shoulder, and said, "It is delightful to have a sister; after all, Inez, no one in the world can be quite like one's own sister."

"But I am not your own sister," said Inez.

"Do not say so," replied Agatha, with a sound of reproach in her gentle voice. "I never remember that we had not one mother."

"I remembered it," said Inez, and her face grew dark with the words. They seemed to nerve her and give back the resolution that the sight of that fair young head resting upon her shoulder had half shaken.

"Agatha," she said, suddenly, "one year of the time of my father named has expired."

"Yes," replied her sister, and the words seemed very much like a long-drawn sigh.

She felt her sister's breath like a hot, scorching flame upon her cheek. She looked up and saw the beautiful face all glowing.

"Agatha," whispered the same clear voice that had deceived Lord Lynne, "if ever our cousin tells you that he loves me, what shall you say?"

She felt the quick tremor that shook the young girl,—she saw the gentle face grow pale.

"If ever he comes to you," continued Inez, "and tells you that he loves me, but that I am so proud and reserved he does not dare to ask me to be his wife, but wishes you to intercede for him, what shall you say?"

"Is he likely to do so?" asked Agatha, her gentle face growing paler with each word.

"I think so," was the false reply. "I have been so proud, so haughty, so reserved; but I cannot doubt that he loves me."

"If ever he comes to me with that request," said Agatha, "I shall remember what you have said to me to-night, and I shall tell him to hope,—to speak for himself."

"Would you like me to be Lady Lynne?" asked Inez, gently.

Agatha waited two or three minutes before she spoke; then she laid her head upon her sister's shoulder again, and said, "Yes, if it would make you and Philip both happy, I should like to see you Lady Lynne."

Then a strange quiet fell over her. The sound of her sister's voice fell upon her ear like a sound from a distance. The gentle faithful heart was wounded nigh unto death, but she made no sign. She felt relieved when her sister rose at length and said it was growing late; she wanted to be alone and think how much she had been mistaken, and what that mistake would cost her.

The few artful words had their effect. Agatha believed she understood now what had seemed so strange to her before. Lord Lynne had spoken strangely when he had taken her into the conservatory, but she saw what it was. He had wanted to plead with Inez for him.

"Agatha," he had said to her, "you know what I have brought you here to tell you."

He had brought her there to tell her that he loved her sister,—to ask her to use her influence for him.

"How vain and foolish I was," cried the poor girl, "to think he cared for me!"

Yet how fondly he looked at her, how tender and musical his voice! She felt almost indignant with him that he had misled her.

"It is well that no one dreams that I care for him," she thought. "I am thankful now that I had no time to speak. I am thankful too that I have kept watch and guard over my own heart, and have not allowed myself to love him as I could have done."

For some days Agatha looked unlike herself; she was gentle and patient, but the brightness seemed gone from her face. During those few days the young girl fought and won a hard battle. Inez had not spoken truly when she said her sister could not feel. She did not understand the force and merits of a disciplined character True Agatha Lynne would never love 'too well but not wisely;" her heart and her affections would go with her duty. She would never have schemed and toiled to win the love that was not given to her. Not even to herself would she or did she admit that she loved her cousin unsought and unasked. She said to herself that she had been vain and foolish, that she had mistaken his meaning, that she must cure herself of all such follies, and rejoice in the happiness that was coming to her sister. But she never said that she loved him—because he had not asked her—and part of Agatha's code of honor was, "that no girl should ever give her heart or her love until it was asked for." She would not admit even to herself that she suffered from a strange new pain; she busied herself in the interests of others; she read more, talked more, and would not think.

Agatha was not capable of loving or suffering as deeply as her sister. Neither could she have erred as her sister did. There was no height to which that deep passionate nature could not have attained, there was no depth to which it could not have sunk; but for Agatha there were neither great heights nor great depths. She would have been intensely happy as Lady Lynne. Happy because she could have loved Philip so dearly, and her life would have been so bright and beautiful passed with him. But if it was not to be—if Lord Lynne loved her sister—she must be happy in another way.

Although there was no deep tragedy, no broken heart, no silent despair, although even to herself she would not own that it was so, still there was pain to be fought and subdued.

"I should much like to go away for a short time," she thought, "and forget all about it."

In a strange manner this wish was gratified. Evelyn Leigh had a severe and dangerous illness. For many days she was in the greatest peril. When she had somewhat recovered, the doctors for once agreed in saying that she must have change of air and of scene. Hastings was strongly recommended, and Mrs. Leigh took a house there. Evelyn pleaded hard that Agatha Lynne might accompany them, and Agatha herself was anxious to go. Mrs. Lynne slightly demurred, and said that she would be dull and lonely; but she yielded to the entreaties of the sick girl, and it was decided that Agatha should spend the autumn with the Leighs at Hastings.

Inez watched her sister's departure with the greatest relief.

"Now I have the field all to myself," she said; "and it will be hard if I do not succeed."

When Philip heard from his mother that Agatha had gone on a visit to the Leighs, he determined to return home before he went to Scotland. It would look better and less strange he thought, than if he kept away altogether.

Lord Lynne had been grieved and pained and annoyed. He did not like to judge Agatha harshly, but he could not help feeling that she had in some degree misled him. She must have seen how much he cared for her, he thought, and she might have saved him the mortification. They had been confidential friends at least, and she might have told him that she loved Allen Leigh.

Philip could not forget Agatha. He smiled when he remembered that he had once fancied he loved Florence Wyverne. He knew more of what love was now. He had laid his whole heart at the feet of that gentle fair girl, and he could not forget his love. No mercenary thought had been mixed with it. He wished to marry Agatha Lynne because he loved her. He never dreamed of marrying Inez without love, simply because she had money. Just at this time he thought very little about his uncle's will; he only remembered that he had loved in vain. He thought but little, and cared as little, that the time was coming when he would have to lose the splendid heritage that might have been his solely.

CHAPTER X.

THE autumn months came and went, and still Agatha remained with the Leighs at Hastings. Evelyn's recovery seemed at times doubtful. They had decided to remain there for the winter, and go abroad in the spring: Lord Lynne stayed for three weeks at Lynnewolde before he went to Scotland for his shooting. During those three weeks he was thrown constantly in the society of Inez He would have had a heart harder than marble to have resisted her beauty and her grace; she dressed so well; her toilette was rich, and displayed such exquisite taste. During the long autumn evenings she sang to him, until his heart thrilled with the rich passionate melody of her voice. All her wit, her genius, her talent, were called into requisition in order to amuse him. The consequence was that during the whole time of his visit to Lynnewolde not one moment was heavy or dull. She had always something with which to engross or amuse him.

"I had no idea whatever, Inez," he remarked to her one day, "that you could be so amusing. I used to think you proud and reserved."

"No one ever cares for me," she replied, with a very frank smile. "When Agatha is near, small stars are eclipsed by the sun."

She looked so candid, and smiled so frankly, that her words quite misled Philip, and he inwardly reproached himself that he had been unjust to her—that he, as well as every one else, had neglected her for Agatha.

"I have always felt myself half an interloper," she continued, sadly, "although I am Lord Lynne's eldest child. Was ever fate so strange or sad as mine?"

It was the first time she had spoken of herself; and the sad, musical voice, with its half foreign accent, touched all the fountains of tenderness and chivalry in Lord Lynne's heart.

"Have we seemed cold or unkind to you, Inez?" he asked, gently.

"At times," she replied, "I have felt quite alone."

He looked at the beautiful face and the large liquid eyes moist with tears. Could this woman, with her rare Southern beauty, have felt sad and lonely? Had he, wrapped up in his vain love for another, forgotten and neglected her? Never had Lord Lynne felt so much inclined to love his cousin; never before had she so nearly touched his heart. She saw the impression her words produced. She was too wise to weaken them by repetition.

"I am tiring you," she said. "I forget my little troubles interest no human being beside myself. You said yesterday, Lord Lynne, you would like to hear that Venetian barcarole. Shall I sing it to you?"

Before Philip had time to reply, Inez was seated at the piano, her rich voice filling the room with the melody of the old Venetian song. When that was finished she began another—a love-song this time—with every note a sigh, low, soft, and taking with it the fire of her genius, and the love of her heart. She sang on until Philip rose from his seat and began to pace the room. He could not withstand the charm of this syren; she seemed to sing his heart away from him; his whole being thrilled with the sweet fancies that came to him with the music.

"He is half won," she murmured to herself as she watched the changes that passed over his face in the evening gloaming; "a little more patience, a little more skill, and he will be mine."

This skill she displayed still more adroitly by seeming to avoid him during the last two days of his stay. He had professed himself charmed with her society; she knew that she amused and fascinated him. Now he should learn what it was to be without her. During those two last days she only saw him at rare intervals; and when he was leaving Lynnewolde he bade her adieu with real regret, for she had been a most delightful companion.

"Send me a message sometimes," he said, "when my mother writes;—remember, I shall be a lonely bachelor on the Scottish moors;—send me a little news."

During the first week she sent merely a little piquant message through Mrs. Lynne; then she enclosed a sketch of his favorite hunter. Lord Lynne wrote to her, and in less than two weeks he began to look for her letters more eagerly even than for his day's sport. Not that he loved her. Love and Inez Lynne never entered his mind together; but those letters were infinitely charming. A woman's genius shows itself in her letters, and those of Inez were matchless. They were witty, sparkling, and amusing; yet a veil of melancholy hung over them. Sweet, simple Agatha could never have written such letters; she would not perhaps have understood them even: the graceful imagery, the daring wit, the poetical fancy, that revealed themselves in every line, were all unknown to her.

So for nearly three months they corresponded, while Agatha regained her lost roses, and strove hard to find peace and tranquility. Then Christmas came round, and Lord Lynne resolved to spend it at Lynnewolde They wrote and asked Agatha to come home,—Allan Leigh was at the Chase, and Mr. Bohun was again at the Court—but she declined to leave Evelyn, who clung to her society, and seemed to love her better than any one else upon earth.

Christmas was to be very gay. There was to be a grand ball at Lynnewolde, and another at Bohun Court. Lord Lynne determined that this year at least he would be gay; no one should know that he was a rejected lover,—rejected by a fair-haired, gentle girl, too, who seldom said "No." He did not know where he should be next year,—abroad, most likely. Time was passing quickly; and all hope of his uncle's legacy died with his rejection. He was a Lynne and a gentleman. It did not enter his head to marry Inez not loving her, and so secure his fortune. He loved Agatha. He would have married her, even if in doing so he had lost instead of gained his heritage; but she had refused him. Love and money had failed him, and Philip began to make up his mind to the loss. He was too honorable, too noble to think of marrying without love. Not even to win a crown would he have done it; and Inez Lynne, who read him rightly, knew that if she won him it would be apart from all mercenary motives.

He was pleased to see her again. He met her frankly, and kindly thanked her for her charming letters, which had cheered and amused his solitude. That very frankness and kindness were like a death blow to her. If his face had flushed, his voice had trembled, or his hand had clasped hers more warmly as it lay in his grasp, she would have known that he loved her. That frank, open kindness, the clear eyes that looked into her own, the calm, steady voice that thanked her, all told the same story.—she interested, amused, charmed him; but he did not love her.

"I will not lose heart," she said, "not even yet. I will succeed, or I will die in the attempt."

Lord Lynne showed that he remembered her words. During all the Christmas festivities he thought of her constantly. He was resolved that she should never feel lonely or neglected again. So they resumed their old familiar intercourse. She sang to him, rode with him poured out the treasures of her genius at his feet. She grew to love him. Oh, Heaven! save us from such love—so wild, so idolatrous, so blind!

The grand ball at Lynnewolde was a great success. Inez was the belle. She had never looked more lovely. She wore a dress of rose colored silk, shaded and softened by costly, cloud like lace. She wore no jewels; a wreath of white starry jasmine crowned her queenly head.

There were many at Lynnewolde that evening, who, in long years afterwards, spoke of her as she looked then. Bertie Bohun was there, but he said no more of love to her. The bright sun did not seem farther from him than this beautiful girl. She was undoubtedly the belle of the ball; and those who saw her that evening never forgot her. When the guest had all departed, she went with Mrs. Lynne into her boudoir. It was a charming little room, but one that was seldom used. On this evening Mrs. Lynne had ordered fire and lights there; she liked, when a ball or party was ended, to talk it over with her son.

"Let us rest a few minutes," she said, drawing an easy chair to the fire for Inez. "I always require half an hour's quiet talk to make me forget the glitter of lights and the sound of music. Have you enjoyed the ball, Inez?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Inez always enjoys where she reigns," interrupted Lord Lynne, with a merry laugh. "What are you going to do with Bertie, Inez?" he continued. "I never saw a more severe case in my life. Your *beaux yeux* have done mischief there," he said.

"I am not accountable for it," she replied, coldly.

"How cold you are!" he rejoined. "No amount of homage moves you. Have you no heart, Inez?"

She raised her eyes to his face. Was he blind, that he could not read what they told? Was he blind that he did not see how the beautiful face, cold and haughty to others, softened and brightened for him?

When Mrs. Lynne went away, they were speaking of the coming Spring.

"I do not say anything to my mother," said Lord Lynne to Inez, "but I have serious thoughts of going abroad in the Spring."

"Abroad, she said; "for how long?"

"I do not know," he replied; "for years, in all probability, Inez. I want something to fill up my life."

There was a profound silence for some minutes, and when Inez spoke again, Lord Lynne did not know her voice.

"It is late," she said.

Thinking she wished to be alone, he rose and held out his hand to say good-night. He saw that her face was perfectly white, with a startled look in her large, dark lustrous eyes.

"You are tired, Inez," he said gently. "Good night. Pleasant dreams."

He did not notice that the little jewelled hand was cold as death; he did not see the quiver of the white lips; he took the light placed ready for him, and went away.

Inez sat still and motionless for some minutes. Then she rose, intending to go to her room, but her strength failed her. She threw up her arms, and fell to the floor upon her face.

"He is going!" she cried; "and I love him—I love him!"

She did not hear Lord Lynne returning, she did not hear him open the door, she did not know that he saw her passion of grief, and heard her wild words.

She loved him—that proud, beautiful, imperious girl. He was literally astounded. She loved him, and he had never even guessed it.

How much she must love him. Why was she lying there? What did those long, bitter sobs mean? Did she—could any one living love him so much as that?

He had returned for his watch, which he had left upon the table, and he thought she had quitted the boudoir. Slowly and gently he withdrew, and closed the door. He knew enough of her to understand that she would rather have died than he should have seen her. He never stopped to think.

"She loves me," he said, "and loves me so—"

He returned, but this time he took care to make noise enough over his entrance. When he stood again in the room, Inez was leaning over the fire, with her face turned from him.

"I left my watch here," said Lord Lynne, stammering in a manner very unlike his own.

"Did you?" she said, in a cold, steady voice. "You remember what Mrs. Lynne tells you sometimes about her head."

Instead of taking up his watch he walked round to her.

"Inez," he said gently, "forgive me for speaking to you here, and so late; I will not detain you long."

"You must not," she replied. "I ought to have gone half an hour ago; but the warmth of the fire and my own thoughts tempted me."

"My thoughts tempt me," he said. "Inez, listen for one moment. I am not worthy of you—you are so beautiful, so bright and gifted. I am not worthy of you—but will you let me love you? Will you promise to be my wife?"

To the day of his death Lord Lynne never forgot the look of startled happiness upon that lovely face.

"Do you love me?" she whispered.

Could he help it, that love-lit face turned up to his, those wondrously beautiful eyes looking into his own, her hair touching his cheek?

"I love you, my darling," he said; "will you be my wife?"

He never forgot how for the next few minutes she stood as one completely rapt in a silent ecstacy; then she turned away from him."

"To-morrow," she said—"wait until to-morrow; we will talk about it then."

"But you will say one word, Inez," he interrupted; "say you love me."

"I love you," she replied.

And the music of those words never quite died in his heart.

CHAPTER XI.

AT last—at last," murmured Inez, as she reached the sanctuary of her room, "I have won him; and I will only live to make him happy. He shall never repent the words he said this night. I will make him happier and greater than my cold, quiet sister could have done."

In that hour of triumph Inez forget the false, cruel treachery that had led to her present happiness; she never thought of her sister, betrayed and unhappy; she remembered only her love and success. The fatigue and weariness that a short time before had almost overpowered her, disappeared; it was a fresh and radiant face that smiled so brightly, as busy thoughts printed the past and present in strong colors.

"It is not only that I love him," she cried; "were he penniless and obscure I would endow him with all my wealth; but there is triumph to me in the thought that my father's neglected child will be Lady Lynne, mistress of this proud home; exiled and neglected no longer; loved and revered as Lady Lynne."

She would not remember the falsity that had crowned her with success. By a strong effort of her indomitable will she swept away all unpleasant thoughts. She remembered only that she loved and was loved,—that the one thing she coveted was now hers,—her hopes gratified, her wounded pride soothed, the cup she had craved for filled to the brim.

If all this could have been attained by fair and honorable means, Inez would have been better pleased. But—and she silenced the outcries of conscience in the thought—he would be happier for it in the end, and so would Agatha; they were not suited to each other, she said to herself over and over again. She would incite him, help him, urge him on, until the name of Lynne was known and revered throughout the length and breadth of the land, and then he would but love her the more, for she would have helped him on his brilliant career.

In such thoughts and dreams Inez forgot less pleasant things. She never for one moment feared detection. Agatha would not return yet; and even when she did so, both she and Lord Lynne were far too honorable, she knew, to make any reference to their past attachment now that she was his betrothed wife. There was no fear for the future. Love, triumph, ambition, all wore their finest colors; and no shade saddened the brilliant face that watched the moonlight and the first faint flush of dawn. Even when she fell asleep at last it was with a smile of child-like happiness upon her lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is again reported that Lord Beaconsfield's health is failing.

GENTLE SPRING.

BY S. C. PAYNE.

An editor sat in his easy chair,
The personification of long despair,
With visage gaunt and grim.
With a red bandanna he wiped his nose,
Looking down at his feet and counting his toes,
Then sighed for "Gentle Spring!"

"Confound it all!" the editor said—
Rubbing and scratching his old bald head,
"If it wern't for just one thing,
I could rise in honor, wealth and fame,
And buy me some boots, a hat, and a cane,
This beautiful "Gentle Spring!"

"I could fill up a cage by the outside door,
Filled with night hawks—a dozen or more—
That would do nothing else but sing:
'Honor and glory! whip-poor-will!
Every subscriber has paid his bill!
This beautiful "Gentle Spring!"'

Then the editor woke and dreamed no more,
When the devil threw in at the office-door,
A package that fell—ker-jing!
It said "Mr. editor, enclosed please find,
Three cents for return post (if declined,)
This pome on "Gentle Spring!"

Just three minutes later the bells did toll—
Saying "An editor's weary soul
Had left earth's mortal din;
For a place where bills are paid on demand,
And the waste-basket never gets over-crammed,
With poems on "Gentle Spring?"

A Summer Romance.

BY A. D.

ON a July morning, many years ago, a fair-haired, good-looking young man was standing at the window of the Lynn Hotel, looking out upon the main street of the village. Wallace Elmore had dressed himself for a walk to the beach when the sky had become overcast, and an unseasonable cold rain set in. He had been there some time when the wind suddenly veered, the rain subsided into a drizzle, and then ceased entirely. Soon a gush of sunshine came, and across the leaden background of retiring clouds the bow of promise shot its broad and many-tinted arc.

At this moment an elegant carriage, drawn by two jet-black horses, that showed blood and training, dashed up to the door of the hotel, and from it there alighted, first, a young man, attired in the height of fashion, and next, a servant in livery, quite as black and well bred as the horses.

A minute or two afterwards the door of Elmore's room was thrown open, and the newcomer entered.

"I beg pardon," said he, "they told me this room was unoccupied. What!" he added, in a joyous tone of surprise, after a keen glance at Elmore, "Wallace, is it you? What a fortunate encounter!" And he extended his hand.

Elmore received it rather doubtfully, gazing inquiringly into the face of the stranger.

"Years of travel and a moustache to boot must have changed me very much, it seems," said the young man, "to have prevented Wallace Elmore from recognizing Rupert Branton."

"Why, Rupert, my dear boy! I am overjoyed to see you. Well, you are altered, indeed, but not for the worse. Fortune has smiled on you."

"No, Wallace, I'm the most miserable man alive—but more of that anon. Sit down and let's hear about yourself. How is it with you?"

"I'm under the weather, just about this time. Out of pocket, out of spirits. If the weather hadn't cleared up just as it did I think I should have committed suicide. My governor, not appreciating that purity of taste which induced me to prefer billiards to Blackstone, and Rossini to Chitty, has declined to honor my drafts with that cheerful alacrity which Mr. Richard Swiveller so much admired; and though I am really repentant of my youthful follies, he declines to credit the seriousnesses of my present purposes—so I am undergoing a sort of probationary exile on short allowance. My health needed recruiting, and I came down here to enjoy the sea-breezes. There were too many fashionables at Nahant, and I could not keep up appearances there. I passed some time at Swampscot, but I have come here, where I can live, if I like, unnoted. My best friends are the fishermen; my greatest recreation to walk the sands by moonlight—I'm too poor to drive a horse. So much for my confession. And now for yours."

"There's a flinty hearted father in my case," said Rupert, with a sigh; "though the good old gentleman is persecuting me with the very best intentions. He wants me to marry an heiress, and I'm rich enough already."

"Well, I suppose the daughter is as handsome as heiresses generally are—that is to say, has a scraggy neck, yellow complexion and squints horribly. Beauty and a million only go together in a romance."

"There you're entirely mistaken, Wallace. Miss Tracy is truly as beautiful as an angel."

"Have you seen her then?"

"Never in person—but I have seen her portrait."

"Pooh! artists always flatter."

"It was a daguerreotype."

"Well, where is she?"

"She has just came to Nahant with her father and mother. They have taken a cottage for the season."

"Oh, ho, I see!" cried Elmore. "You have made up your mind to gratify the old gentleman and marry the heiress."

"I didn't come down for any such purpose," replied Rupert. "But just the contrary."

"Well?" said Wallace.

"You see the old people have been in correspondence," said Rupert, "and Belinda has fallen in love with my reputation. My good old governor was coming on with me from Baltimore to present me, when, as luck would have it, an attack of his old enemy, the gout, laid him up at the Albion. I offered to stay by him, but he indignantly refused, and commanded me to precede him. I feigned compliance, and started with Tom for Lynn—but I intend to give Nahant a wide berth and go somewhat farther north. In fact, I am running away from an heiress."

"And from happiness?"

"Perhaps not."

Rupert now started up, paced the room for a long time, and then returning, sat down by his friend.

"Elmore," said he, "an idea has just occurred to me. Why don't *you* marry this girl?"

"I—nonsense! I have no prospects. I'm out of the governor's good graces just now—and my reputation as an idle, good-for-nothing would alienate any sensible people. My name is as valueless in society as on 'change."

"You are welcome to mine," said Rupert, gaily.

"How ridiculous."

"Not at all. My dear fellow, it would be doing me the very greatest service if you would take this girl off my hands. If she likes you, I'm sure your father would fit you out handsomely. I know you to be a glorious fellow, and don't think any the worse of you for disliking Blackstone."

"The scheme is utterly impracticable," said Wallace.

"By no means. You are known here, I suppose."

"No—I have been boarding at Swampscot—just came to the hotel to-day, and have not registered my name."

"Very well—so far so good," said Rupert. "Remember then, that for the present your name is Rupert Branton, and that mine is Wallace Elmore. Under my name you will approach the heiress."

And the result of this was that Elmore consented to the plot, and all arrangements being made, dressed in an elegant suit belonging to his friend he drove off to the Tracys, and Rupert registered his name at the office as Wallace Elmore, with as much nonchalance as if it really belonged to him. He then returned to his room, and waited the outcome.

Meanwhile our friend Elmore arrived at the cottage where Gen. Tracy's family resided, and presented his credentials. He met with a distinguished reception, and was soon on a footing of familiarity with the inmates of the house. The beautiful Belinda made an impression on him at first sight, and he, in turn, had reason to believe that the heart of the heiress was not unmoved by his appearance and address. That evening he made rapid advances in her good graces. A summer moonlight evening on a balcony overhanging the sea aided the effect of his musical voice and romantic sentiments. The next morning Belle Tracy and Elmore galloped together on the sands. That day and the next passed like a dream, and he sighed to think how soon an end must come to the illusion. It came sooner than he anticipated.

On the morning of the third day a carriage drove up to the cottage door. A portly, silver-haired old gentleman emerged therefrom, and was received with great warmth by the Tracys.

"Where's Rupert?" cried the old gentleman; for it was Mr. Branton, senior, after the first greetings were over. "I don't see Rupert."

Elmore advanced at a sign from Belinda, trembling from head to foot.

The old gentleman took no notice of him, but said to Tom, who was also in the plot, and who had posted himself directly behind the chair:

"Where's your young master?"

"Dere massa," said the black, pointing to Elmore.

"Your master—Rupert, I mean!" said the old man, testily.

"Dat ar's massa Rupert, massa!" cried the frightened negro, trembling at his audacity.

"You black dog! I'll break every bone in your body if you give me any of your impudence," replied Branton senior, raising his cane.

But in time to save the faithful fellow's bones Rupert himself made his appearance, an explanation was at once given, and apologies proffered by the parties to the deception. Though very much surprised, the Tracys only required to be assured that Elmore was a gentleman and Rupert's friend, to be satisfied. Belinda, however, was unshaken in her belief that Elmore was the preferable of the two.

Mr. Branton, senior, alone was indignant.

"My friends may be satisfied," said he, "but hang me if I am. There's something more than a boy's frolic at the bottom of this."

"There is," replied Rupert, quite seriously.

He stepped to the door, and returned immediately, leading a very beautiful lady, who advanced timidly, with her eyes cast down, and winning spontaneous admiration by her loveliness, the elegant simplicity of her dress, and the modesty of her demeanor.

"This lady, father," said he, "is the orphan daughter of the late General Le Vallière, whom I met abroad. She is now Mrs. Rupert Branton. Fearing your inveterate prejudices against foreigners, I thought I would marry her first and ask your consent afterwards. You let me tell you I deceived Louise in that respect—for she never would have married me without your consent."

"It's of no use for me to tell you I give my consent now," grumbled the old fellow; "she couldn't understand a word that I said."

"I ask your pardon, sir," said the lady. "I was educated by an English governess, and a speak *little* English," she added, with an arch smile.

"Speak it like a native!" cried the old gentleman—and he pressed a kiss upon her brow. "She's a lovely creature, Rupert, and you did right to consult your inclinations. "But what's to become of my dear Belle?"

"If the circumstances under which I intruded here might be overlooked," faltered Elmore, "I think—"

He glanced at Belinda, and her cheeks crimsoned.

"All right!" cried old Branton. "You shall marry her, and I'll dance at the wedding in spite of the doctor and the gout. And Rupert here shall be married over again. I don't believe they know how to marry folks in France."

"We have been married twice already," answered Rupert. "Once by the priest and once by the mayor."

"A double knot! all right again!" cried Mr. Branton senior. "Well then, let's sit down to dinner. All's well that ends well."

At dinner Rupert told how, on returning from abroad, he had placed his wife in a little cottage in Lynn, and how, after having despatched Mr. Elmore to take his place at the Tracys, he had carefully watched for the arrival of his father, so as to bring his bride upon the field in time to avert the storm he knew would follow his appearance.

GOV. JONATHAN TRUMBULL, of Connecticut, was the original "Brother Jonathan." He was always so addressed by General Washington, and finally the whole Yankee nation, and especially New England, became soubriquetted, characterized and identified in the person of "Brother Jonathan" Trumbull, a plain, unassuming, honest, common-sense man, who resided in Lebanon. When in full dress, "Brother Jonathan" Trumbull looked very much as he is now represented in what is generally supposed to be caricature. He was of a tall, gaunt form and wore a swallow-tail home-spun coat, manufactured in his family out of wool raised on his own farm, and colored with maple bark procured from his own wood pile, the dye being set with iron filings obtained from the blacksmith shop in the neighborhood. His genteel tight-fitting trowsers, reaching six inches short of his ankles, were made of striped linsey woolsey, prepared and spun in his own family.

Two herdsmen quarrelled on a Nebraska prairie, and each threatened to kill the other. Neither was armed, but there was a gun in their hut, a mile away. Both started for the weapon, and it was a race for life, for the man who got it was certain to shoot his companion. They had several fights on the way, and were bruised and exhausted when they neared the goal; but they ran with desperation, and kept abreast until close to the house. Then one tripped and fell, giving the other the lead. The victor dashed into the building, pulled the gun down from its hooks, and mercilessly murdered his fallen foe.

THE Royal plate at Windsor is reported to be worth £1 800 000. It includes a gold service ordered by George IV., which will dine 140 persons, and the same monarch added to the collection one of the finest wine coolers in the world, a shield formed of snuff boxes worth £9 000 and thirty dozen plates worth £10 000. There are also a variety of pieces brought from abroad and from India; the latter include a peacock of precious stones of every kind, worth £30 000 and a Tippoo's footstool, a tiger's head with crystal teeth, and a solid ingot of gold for his tongue.

An Albany lawyer who wanted a postponement appealed to the judge to "let the broadaxe of Justice be swung by the hand of Mercy." It was swung.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.—Down to the end of the fourteenth century no mention has been found of wood engravings. Boccaccio and Petrarch and Chaucer, are silent about them. There is not a single wood engraving existing which there is any reason to attribute to an earlier date than the beginning of the fifteenth century.

FILIAL RESPECT.—The Persians, according to Herodotus, held the crime of domestic rebellion in nearly as much detestation as the Chinese, but they treated it after a more refined manner. They looked on the striking or slaying of a father as an impossible offence; and when an accident of the kind happened, adjudged that the defender could not be the son of the party injured or slain, but must have been surreptitiously imposed on him as such.

MATRIMONY IN FRANCE.—In France matrimonial agencies are frequently resorted to by a very respectable class of people, and what is singular, many marriages brought about through their efforts have proved very happy for both parties. At a recent trial, where a lady agent brought a suit to recover pay for her services, it was admitted by the Court that such agencies were legal, but in this instance payment was not allowed, for it was clearly shown that the assortment of widows and females of an uncertain age which were on hand did not please the widower, who made a match on his own account.

WHAT A MARRIED WOMAN THINKS.—That she was very pretty at sixteen. That she had, or would have had, a great many good offers. That all her lady friends are five years older than they say they are. That she has a very fine mind. That if her husband had acted on her advice, he would be a rich man to-day. That her mother-in-law is a very trying woman. That her sister in-law takes airs and ought to be put down. That her girls are prettier than Mrs. A's girls. That she would like to know where her husband spends his evenings when he stays out. That her eldest son takes after him. That he is going to throw himself away on Miss Scraggs. That Miss Scraggs set her cap for him, and did all the courting. That her servant girls are the worst ever known. That she has taste in dress. That she has a good temper. That she pities old maids.

TURKISH WOMEN.—The right costume of a Turkish woman consists of a long tunic with open sleeves, and of a wide pair of trousers; and when these are of costly stuffs, embroidered, laced and covered with jewels, they produce a rare effect. After the coffee, dancing girls are introduced; and at this stage of the proceedings the elderly ladies generally settle down to cards and backgammon, neither more nor less than in Western countries. In some houses, where Christian manners have penetrated, a lady pianist rattles off waltzes and operatic music to amuse the company. A very quaint form of salutation speeds the parting guest. As each lady comes up to express her thanks for the hospitality she has enjoyed, the hostess answers sweetly, "How happy I am that it is all over;" which ambiguous utterance only means, "How happy I am that no accident has befallen any of us during this delightful evening."

HOW THE CHINESE MARK TIME.—The Chinese Official Almanac is issued annually in December, and is carefully prepared by the Board of Astronomy, an important body, imperially appointed, presided over by a prince of the royal blood, and equal in dignity to any other government body in the Empire. A large part of the astrological portion of the Almanac is intended for a "practical guide in the common affairs of life." A translation is given of the admonitions of the first days of the current year as follows: The first day is favorable for sacrifice and for entering school; at noon it is allowable to bathe. It is unfavorable for starting on a journey or changing residence. The second day is favorable for sacrifice and bathing. It is unfavorable for starting on a journey, removing or practicing acupuncture. The third day, there are no indications. The fourth day, may receive or make visits and cut out clothes; at 7 A. M. may draw up contracts, barter and make presents. May not go on a journey nor break ground.

A ROYAL WEDDING CAKE.—A remarkable feature of the late English royal wedding was the wedding cake. It stood five feet six inches in height and was shaped as a temple—base, columns, vaulted roofs and ornamentation cast in white sugar. It was built in the confectionery of Windsor Castle. The superstructure consists of two vaulted roofs beautifully chased and supported by pillars with Corinthian capitals. At the four corners of the lower chamber are stationed four female figures, as clearly cut as if they had been chiselled, emblematic of the four continents—Europe, Asia, Africa and America—while at intervals are cupids driving swans or doves. Within the balustrade, made up of dwarf pillars joined by a filigree work of fine lace, are the figures of Cupid and Psyche, while in plaques of sugar, on white satin panels, are the English and Prussian arms. The various pedestals bear the interwoven monogram of bride and bridegroom.

TOGETHER.

BY L. W.

The snowy blossom is on the brier,
All frosty lies the fallow;
The hunters gather round the fire,
And sigh for hound and hallow,
While bending o'er a poet's book,
Secure from win and weather,
Within a velvet-curtained nook
Sit she and I together.

This morning we were strangers yet;
But in those dreamy pages
We find somehow our souls have met,
And lived and loved for ages.
And life is as a summer day,
Love laughs at wintry weather,
The other world's so far away,
And we so near together.

The golden sun shall shine again,
The chase demand its lover,
And I no more be lonely when
I canter to the cover,
For through the world, whate'er betide
In storm or sunny weather,
We two shall r'de on side by side,
My love and I together.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER L.

ALICE RATHLINE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

MADELINE lay upon the bed silent; and but for the shudder which ran through her frame as the body of the murderer fell into the sea, I might have thought her senses were mercifully shut up in the sleep of exhaustion. With a repugnance which sent a chill through my veins, I took the confession of that arch villain Carbis in my hand, and leaning over Madeline I asked her if she would hear it. What a look of anguish and pain she gave me as her pale lips murmured "Yes."

"And fetch Michael," she said. "It is right he should hear it also. This wild deed that he has done is murder before the law; let him gather what consolation he can from hearing that it was justice. As for me, I have been unjust, and neither the voice of the dead nor of the living can ever bring me to comfort again."

As she spoke she covered her face, as though her agony was too great for human eye to look upon, and it was thus she heard the tale which I read out aloud with shrinking lips.

I will not honor a bad man by writing down word for word what he said. I will give only the substance of his confession. In it he divulged unwittingly the exceeding subtlety and treachery of his nature, as well as the relentless cruelty with which he had gratified the selfish passion. Here is his statement—not in his own words, but as I remember it:

"Mrs. Sherborne," he said, "loved me before she ever saw the weak foolish man to whom she was sold. He was a man so weak naturally and so doubly weak now, through the enervation of drink, that I found it easy to twist him around my finger. For my own purpose I instilled into his mind a great jealousy of the young Lord Crehylls. I played the part of Iago with daily, hourly, unwearying skill, and with such success, that beyond a passing shadow or so he never suspected my passion for his beautiful and wretched wife. He was anxious in his jealousy to take her away from the neighborhood of the foolish boy; whose romantic admiration I had magnified into a desperate and determined love; but for this purpose he lacked the needful money. Hence my daily hints and warnings chafed him the more, and one day he turned upon me fiercely and grew quarrelsome as a mad man. 'Show me the way to leave this accursed place,' he cried, 'or cease for ever your vile insinuations.'

"Then I told him of a way. I proposed that we should rob the peddler Strangways, who was a jeweler by trade, and who hawked watches, chains, and rings, having in his case gold well worth two hundred pounds. At first he would not listen, but at last gave in weakly, as he always did. Then we agreed upon a plan. We would watch for the hawker in the wood of Crehylls at dusk, when he passed through it on his way to his lodgings. Here we would conclude a pretended deal for some of Mrs. Sherborne's jewels, and to clinch the bargain give him a drink of drugged wine from my flask. The rest would be easy, and on recovering he might be persuaded he had been robbed while drunk.

"After agreeing to this plot, Sherborne wavered again and again, veering like the wind; but I knew he would yield at last, for I had taken care to make him desperate, by winning at cards every shilling he possessed.

"On the day fixed for the deed, I taunted Sherborne with cowardice, and we quarreled furiously again, the noise of our dispute being heard by the servant; thinking it might be well for me to appear on ill terms with him. I opened the door, that his words might reach her. And soon after this I left the Hut. I went to the wood of Crehylls where that struggle occurred between me and the young lord which the captain of this ship witnessed.

"When I recovered the effects of the blow which had stunned me I found Walter Sherborne supporting my head on his shoulder, while he held a small flask of brandy to my lips. I told him what had happened; and being full of rage and hatred against the young villain who had struck me, I inflamed Sherborne against him also. I told him Lord Crehylls had openly avowed to me his intention to leave England and to take Mrs. Sherborne with him if she would go. I said he had declared he had no fear of a poor bankrupt gambler like Sherborne; and I added that my indignant reply to this had so roused the lad's vindictive temper that he had set upon me with murderous rage. 'And doubtless when he left,' I said, 'he thought me dead or dying. It would be a good revenge to make the world believe me dead, and have him tried for the murder.'

"With an oath Walter Sherborne said that it would. Then, sullenly, he swore he would kill his wife with his own hands, if he thought the insolent boast of the young Crehylls was true.

"I was glad to see his anger, as it showed he was completely duped, and I knew I could carry out my own schemes in safety.

"I was not long in recovering from my faintness; and with my hat on, the cut on my forehead was scarcely seen. When darkness fell, and the hawker entered the wood, whistling as he came, I was ready for him, my head being as clear and my strength as unshaken as ever. As I had foreseen he fell easily into the trap. Mrs. Sherborne's jewels, which she had that morning put into my hands, were sold to him at a low price, and locked in his pack. Then I proposed a drink of wine, which he took, falling back insensible even as he laid down the goblet.

"The darkness in the wood was intense now, and under cover of this I bade Sherborne to take the pack and wait for me in a thicket near by. I had not dared trust him, as I knew him to be weak; but the hawker was dead when he had swallowed that draught of wine.

"When I returned to Walter Sherborne I was metamorphosed into Nathaniel Strangways; and in the first shock he started up to defend himself, not recognizing me.

"What have you done?" he cried; "where is the peddler?"

"You can hardly think I was such a fool as to let him live to tell on us," I replied, coolly. "He'll never peach either on you or me."

"I have said Sherborne was weak; but I was scarcely prepared to see such an exhibition of weakness as he showed now: he flung the knapsack from him and burst into tears like a woman. Then followed reproaches and an agony of remorse which I had not time to heed. He had unlocked the pack to look at its contents, and when he cast it down a case of rings was scattered. I gathered them up, searching for them as carefully as the darkness would permit. Then, cutting a stake, I sharpened it, and with this I dug a hole in which to bury my shoes, which I had tried vainly to place on the peddler's feet. During this time Sherborne seemed in a sort of stupor, his eyes fixed on me like a madman's.

"Get rid of that coat before you go home," I said; "it is stained with blood from this cut of mine. That will look suspicious. Go to your own house. I will come to you by and by when your wife and servant are gone to rest, and then we will divide the spoil."

"'I'll have none of it!" he screamed. "I never meant this. You know I didn't; you are a villain."

"It won't do for us to quarrel," I answered quietly. "The law would see no difference between your guilt and mine; but there is no risk of discovery. If the hawker is found he will be taken for me—I have provided for that; and then let the young lord bear the blame."

Here Carbis goes on to say that he never intended really to see Mr. Sherborne again, having agreed to meet Mrs. Sherborne that night, and take her to Bristol, where she fancied he would procure a berth for her in a ship going to America. But as he had duped the husband, so he duped the wife, and that wretched lady, after spending a year or two very miserably, sank gradually into insanity. The villain further relates, that finding it expensive to maintain her at an asylum, he had, when established in his school, taken her under his own charge, and, according to his statement, "treated her as kindly as was compatible with safety."

While hiding at Bristol, he was discovered by father, and the papers being then full of the murder, it was not difficult for father to guess the truth, and tax him with it; which he did, after finding the knapsack. The unhappy Mrs. Sherborne was then lying in lodgings, ill of fever, brought on by fatigue and excitement. Through her illness Carbis was able to keep from her all the dreadful history of her husband's trial and death. Doubtless it was when these facts came to her knowledge that her mind gave way.

As for Mr. Sherborne, Carbis declared he could not understand wherefore he kept silent at his trial, when assuredly a full confession would have saved his life. He expected this confession, he said, and prepared himself to escape to America on hearing it. But Mr. Sherborne had often conversed with him on suicide, and he certainly had that determined tendency towards it, which often possesses the minds of men, whose reason is shaken by the vice of drunkenness.

Moreover, Mr. Sherborne, being wrecked in fortune and happiness, might look on death as a relief, and perhaps prefer this to confessing himself an accomplice in a robbery, if not a murder. His firm conviction also, that his wife had eloped with Lord Crehylls, may have so maddened him with jealousy and the hope of revenge, that this motive alone might have been strong enough to tempt him to leave the world deceived with regard to Carbis's death. And since he was firmly resolved to die himself, and eager to gain, from Mr. Lanyon's remorse, a sure friend for his daughter, it was not likely he would divulge a secret which would deprive her of a succorer, and himself of all chance of revenge. His eagerness for this appears, by his letter to Madeline, to have been the last feeling of his life. By his firm belief in the elopement of his wife with Lord Crehylls it is easy to see how great was the influence Carbis had gained over him. The serpent who had whispered in his ear, the false friend who had betrayed him, he never once suspected as the real slayer of his peace. Perhaps in his secret heart he could not lower his wife to that misery. He could believe she had left her home with Lord Crehylls, but not with Mathew Carbis.

I leave out in this villain's statement his boast of respectability, arduously built up—his hypocrisy, and pretence of having expiated his crime by long years of industry and honor. I omit also his lying vaunt of long-enduring love, and kindness towards the unhappy victim whom he had betrayed. It sickens my heart to repeat his words. At the foot of his confession, as though it were a mere small omission, an after-thought, he had written this:

"I acknowledge I gave Walter Sherborne the means of destroying himself, but it was at his own request, made repeatedly. And I did not yield till after the hawker's death; then, at his entreaty, I gave him the bottle with the small portion of its contents that was left."

Perhaps the wretch could not die without telling this. I don't know, but I give him the benefit of that doubt.

* * * * *

When I had finished reading, Michael thanked me, and taking the paper from my hand he left the cabin. In another minute I heard his voice on deck, and once more the sails were set, and the Penkivel's prow was turned again towards the Cornish coast.

As I sat looking on the still figure so silent in its anguish, I was startled by Madeline's suddenly throwing the shawl from her face, and rising to her feet. She was ghastly white and haggard; her hands were wrung together, and her teeth pressed upon her lips.

"Alice, it is a terrible wrench to the soul to find a father guilty, whom for years a child has believed innocent, and whose wrongs she has wickedly revenged," she said, in a voice which pierced my heart. "Oh Alice, all my life long I have thought myself more just than He who rules the universe. I have questioned every decree. I have rebelled against every event that has befallen me. I dared with my own hand to attempt justice, flattering myself vainly that I was merciful, and lo! I have committed a fearful cruelty, a frightful wrong. If I had only had faith, if I had only believed that God was good, how happy I might have been. Now I have lost love, and peace, and honor; and have left to me only the dregs of life, and the sting of a stricken conscience."

"No, no!" I cried, eagerly, "you have a thousand left to you. Do not despise the great gifts still in your hand because a fancied wrong—a wrong which you nursed morbidly—is mercifully snatched from you at last. Surely it is better to see than to live in blindness, even though the eyes may be opened to scenes of pain. Surely it is better to know that the prison in which your father died was not, as you have so long fancied, a terrible injustice. Doubtless in the very death he inflicted on himself, there was a secret sense of retribution, a secret hope that, in dying as Nathaniel Strangways had died, his death might expiate the crime in which he had been betrayed by Mathew Carbis. From the moment he knew what that serpent had done, it is easy to see he resolved to die. He felt he could do no more and no less, since death seemed worse than to confess his real crime and bear its punishment. And a perverted sense of honor in him also hindered this: he would not betray the guiltier man, whose accomplice and tool he was."

"But the letter—the horrible letter he wrote to me," said Madeline, "why did he lie to the very last, and leave me such a legacy of revenge?"

"My dear, dear sister," I answered, pressing her white face softly with my lips, "I am ten years younger than you, yet I know that 'many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it;' and 'jealousy burneth like a fire forever.' In your father's love for the proud, beautiful woman, who never loved him, and his bitter wrath against the man—rich, noble and young—who, as he thought, had stolen her from him, you must read the solution of that cruel letter. You must read it, Madeline, by the light of the prison lamp, as your father wrote it—you must look round upon the heavy walls of the prison cell—you must search in his soul for the despair and anguish gnawing there like a serpent's tooth; and lastly, you must contrast all this with the picture he draws in his jealous heart, of his wife and her lover, free and happy, beneath a sunny sky, revelling in their love, regardless of their sin. Read the letter again, Madeline, by these sad lights, and then forgive it."

"It is easier to pardon others than oneself," she replied, sorrowfully, "Alice, have you read this?" she said, putting her hand on the little book her mother had sent her.

"At sunrise, after the dreadful night of her death," I answered, "I opened the first page," I answered, "I opened the first page and saw, 'For my dear and only child, Madeline Sherborne.' Then I closed it in great sorrow and trembling, and opened it no more."

"But you guess, Alice, what she tells me?" she said.

"Yes, I imagine she gives you her solemn assurance that her intention was innocent when she left your father's house," I answered. "It is certain Carbis's powers of deception were very great, and doubtless she believed in him, and trusted him."

"Read it, Alice," she said, putting the book in my hand. "I cannot; my tears would choke me."

It was a sort of pocket book, with blank pages for a diary, and on these the unhappy Mrs. Sherborne had noted her intention to trust Carbis with her jewels, that he might sell them, and procure her a passage to America, where she meant to join a brother and sister. "And perhaps at some future day he will help Walter and Madeline to come to me," she says; "and we may be happier in a land where life is easier." Soon after this comes the sad entry—"Left St. Eglon's Hut forever. Found Mr. Carbis at the lonely spot agreed on. His strange disguise surprised and vexed me." Then followed her journey to Bristol,—her sickness—the shuffling lies of Carbis respecting the non-arrival of the pretended ships; and lastly, the news that her jewels had fetched too little to pay for her passage. With her distress at this, and many evidences of terror at her lonely, destitute condition, and many signs of her great weakness of body and mind after her long illness, the diary abruptly closes. When it opens again, the entries are the saddest the human heart can conceive, for they are no longer sane: and, most mournful of all was it to perceive here and there a glimmer of returning reason, in which her anguish, her remorse, her misery, and things known and felt, not forgotten, as in her madness. She knows then, she is kept in secret a prisoner in Whalley's house; she feels the horror and cruelty of her fate; she appeals against the sufferings laid upon her, and, in her appeal, goes mad again. Another time, in reasonable words seeming truthful—I know not if really true—she accuses Carbis of having made her a prisoner, when sane, and thus driving her to madness through imprisonment, cruel usage, and solitude. "He feared I should divulge his crime," she said, "because my horror of him was so terrible when first I heard it, that I attempted to escape from him." This was in some lonely place in Ireland, whither they appear to have gone; and Carbis pursued her; brought her back, and made her a prisoner, and she complains that she has no hope in this solitude of being seen, or heard, or rescued. Thus the incoherent entries went on to the end, mingled with prayers and thoughts of her child. Most of the diary was written with a pencil; and she tells how she had hidden this and the book successfully during her long captivity.

It was the saddest record of human sorrow I had ever read. And as I closed it and gave it back to Madeline, I could think of no word of consolation which would comfort her in the memory of such suffering, or of such a life and death as her mother's.

Madeline herself was the first to speak.

"Alice," she said, "who will lay her in the ground? Did Maurice promise he would fulfil the duty?"

"Yes," I answered. "Oh, Madeline, do not forget that it was for this he remained at Exeter,—for this last kindness to your mother he delayed the wish nearest to his heart—his desire to find you. Surely you will not marry the Duke de Briancourt."

"No, never," she replied.

But as she spoke the look on her face frightened me, it was so haggard and desperate.

"What did the duke do for you," I asked, "that you promised so rashly to be his wife?"

She turned away from my gaze, with her cheeks ashen pale and her eyes full of woe.

"Do not ask me, Alice," she said. "I am going to write it. I am going to write to

Lady Crehylla, and to Maurice. Lie down and sleep while I write."

"And you will not forget," I returned, laying my hand upon her arm; "how earnestly Mr. Pellew loves you, and how long and hopelessly he has endured the burden of this love?"

"I will never forget it," she answered. "Neither, Alice, will I ever forget that in nothing do I differ from this poor, unlearned, superstitious man, who, with wild ideas of honor and justice, has just committed murder on the high seas."

"I will not let you call that wretch's death by such a name," I said hotly. "Why should he lose ship and cargo merely to hang a villain with a sheriff's rope?"

But Madeline had begun to write, and as I saw her tears falling on the paper, I would not vex her with more words. I thought she would be best alone, so I went on deck, and glancing as the yard arm, with a curious chill running through all my veins, I walked aft, and sat down near the helm, where Michael stood.

"Miss Alice," he said, turning his gray face towards me eagerly, "is that red light in the east the sunrise, or am I cheating myself with hope, being still blind?"

Then I arose, and straining my eyes in the direction his hand noted, I saw a crimson glow spreading and rising over the Eastern sky.

"It is not the sunrise," I said, somewhat doubtfully. "It is too bright and deep a red."

As I spoke a great fierce glow shot upwards, lighting for a moment all the rigging of the Penkivel and the faces of the whole crew.

"'Tis a ship on fire!" said Michael, in an awed and solemn tone.

The men on deck echoed his cry.

Then, as the word was given, all hands crowded sail, and we commenced that most exciting of all hazards—the race against time to save human lives.

Gallantly the ship breasted the waves as we flew onwards, every mast strained with the weight of canvas it bore, every eye fixed on the fiery glow in the heavens, growing larger and fiercer as each wave was passed, every heart throbbing high with the noble hope of bringing succor to the hopeless.

How they worked—those brave, rough men! How breathlessly they measured the shortening distance, silently straining every nerve to increase the speed of the gallant Penkivel. Michael was at the wheel; I saw him catch every point of wind that favored him. I saw the workings of his face as the great burning ship came distinctly into view, burning on the sky, burning in the sea, and seeming herself a flaming mass between these two huge fires. Far, far across the waves flashed the dreadful lurid light, shining now right in the path of the Penkivel, painting vividly on the strained eye every sail, spar and rope upon her creaking masts; painting, too, the watchful, earnest, silent faces turned anxiously towards the flames, and covering with an unwonted glow that one grave face of ashen gray, whom all eyes watched so eagerly.

A cheer—heavens! what a cheer—rung out from the very heart of the flames, and the Penkivel, like an arrow, shot by the burning ship. As I closed my eyes in terror, Michael's skilful hand upon the helm had brough his craft upon the least dangerous side, and sails were furled and boats lowered, as though human hands were wings of angels, hastening to save the perishing.

Upon the poop deck I saw dimly a group of figures clustered together. Sometimes visible, sometimes hidden by the smoke, they seemed rather like some ghastly dream than living beings scorching before our shrinking eyes.

As the first of these figures sprang into the sea, I knelt down, and hid my face; but as a second and a third followed, and the boats of the Penkivel, darting hither and thither, gathered them up—Madeline, standing by my side, told me this—I grew brave enough to rise and watch the scene, with feelings at my heart that no words which learned tongues have ever coined could clothe in language.

Looking at Madeline, I saw her cheeks glowing, her lips trembling, her eyes lustrous with joyful tears.

"Alice," she whispered, "there is something worth living for yet upon the earth. This human love, which succors and delivers, might make an angel envy us." Then as though speaking to herself, she murmured, "In sight of this, what are my tinsel triumphs on the stage? What is the success of pride, of vanity, of revenge, when seen in the light of one brave and noble deed? Oh, what a bitter lesson I have had to learn before I could understand that I have sold my life for that 'which profiteth me nothing.'"

I am not learned in ships and sailor phrases, so I can but relate in my own way that the burning vessel was in flames forward, while the after deck, by the exertion doubtless of the crew, was comparatively untouched. I could see now why the people were crowded on the poop deck; and, amid the smoke and glare, I could see also one young figure standing between the fire and the crowd, keeping the flames back on this debatable ground, by daring exertions, and endurance wonderful to all. With eyes filled with tears, I grasped Madeline by the hand.

"Isn't he like Tom?" I whispered. "Tom would have done just such a deed as this one."

"True," she answered.

And now, having fancied he was like Tom, I watched this brave young figure with double interest; and at each new exertion of daring, of skill, of courage, I clapped my hands for joy, and cheered him like a maniac. It was very curious how glad I was to see his bravery, and yet with what breathless fear I watched his danger. Very curious, too, my pride in seeing him linger the last on board, not leaving the ship till every man was gone, and working till the latest minute in throwing water over the great wetted sail, hanging over the black and smoking side, which had protected the women and children as they were lowered to the boats.

"He is the last, the very last on board!" I cried to Madeline. "See, he will not go till that old man is safe. I said he was like Tom."

As I spoke, a burst of flame, a black mass of smoke, hid the very ship herself from our eyes, and I knew not whether he was saved or no.

Then a cheer reached us through the rolling clouds, and a great weight was lifted from my heart.

"Surely that is the welcome the boat's crew have given to my hero," I said. "It would be hard, indeed, to see the bravest die."

A few breathless minutes more and the Penkivel's boats shot out from the smoke and the great shadow on the sea, and were beside us, with the weary, pallid faces looking thankfully up at their ark of refuge.

"Only one life lost," I heard a voice say from the boats.

It was strange again how my heart sank at these words, fearing who this one might be; but in another instant the gallant young figure whose shadow had passed in momentary terror and sorrow through my mind, was standing safe upon the deck. I drew back on seeing him; but Madeline came forward and addressed him. "How many are there saved?" she asked.

"Twenty-three, madam; twenty three lives saved through the kind Providence which sent this ship to our succor," he replied

"And had you no boats?" asked Madeline again.

"Madam," said he, "our boats quitted us two hours ago so overladen with their human freight, that I am sadly anxious for their safety. On the departure of the last boat lots were drawn, and those to whom the fortune fell left in her. With two or three exceptions," he added.

"And where are those?" questioned Madeline

"Two women, who with their children preferred to remain with their husbands, and, and—myself," he said, smilingly. "The truth is," he continued, "these people are nearly all poor German emigrants, and as I speak German I was to be of use to them, and keep them quite cheerful and hopeful."

"He is more than ever like Tom," I said to myself.

"May I ask your name?" said Madeline holding out her hand to him

"Charles Trafford," he answered, lifting his cap with a scorched hand, "or usually Charley, to my friends."

"Charley to me then always!" I exclaimed, crying like a simpleton; and in my foolishness even seizing his hand in both of mine. Then, with my face red to the very roots of my hair, I ran back and hid my insignificant little figure behind Madeline's stately form. But she drew me forward again, putting her arm around me; and looking up, I saw her face like snow, and his lips shaking.

"Charles Trafford?" she said. "What Trafford?—where from?"

"From Baltimore now," answered the young man; "but originally from Stropshire, England. I am the son of Charles Garth Trafford, who emigrated to America when only a lad of sixteen.

"Alice, this is my cousin," said Madeline, speaking brokenly, with tears; "this is my mother's brother's son. Charles Trafford, this is Alice Rathline, my dear sister; I am her brother's widow."

I will not speak of all the amazement and joy that followed, because even in the midst of it I thought I saw a shadow on Mr. Trafford's face.

"Rathline? Did you say your sister's name was Rathline?" he said; and I fancied he looked at me pitifully; but just then a German voice called to him, and excusing himself, he hurried forward to help the poor emigrants. When he quitted us, Michael Polgrain crossed the deck, and with his gray face lighted up with strange enthusiasm, he grasped my arm, and pointed upwards.

"I know it is broad day, Miss Alice," said he, "although the light is still dull and gray to me, for I perceive it is not God's will that I should ever see the sun again; but the darkness and the night are lifted off my heart, and I am happy. Miss Sherborne"—he always called Madeline by this name—"did not the vision say there was a wheel set in the midst of a wheel? I ran the Penkivel out to sea that a murderer might die, and thereby I saved the lives of twenty-three human beings, who must have perished by a terrible death if the unseen hand upon the helm had not brought my ship to their rescue. Yesterday; before you came on board, I proposed taking the Penkivel in the night to a certain spot to unload her cargo; but my purpose was like chaff before the wind when the great wheels bore down upon me, and I was driven out to sea, and constrained to steer in the course of the burning ship. Never forget, when you think of me with blame, that if Mathew Carbis had not died twenty three better lives would have gone down into the deep. That thought comforts me, though the sky is dark still. Miss Alice," he said, "blessed rays struck dull and leaden on my dimmed eyes I trembled. I feared the judgment of blindness rested on me still for sin committed. But looking at these twenty-three. plucked like brands from the burning, I thought since God had chosen me for an instrument for good, that I could not have gone against His laws in what I have done, though the deed is outside of human laws. I never had a misgiving till I saw him, Carbis, dead; then I felt it cruel that I should have been so eager to take the life from that poor, cold, helpless flesh which had once been a man."

He looked at me wistfully as though he needed comfort; but I knew not what to say.

Madeline, too, bowed her head to him in silence. She would neither justify nor condemn his deed. Perhaps in her secret heart she felt he was less guilty than herself, and she dared not utter either words of rebuke or of consolation.

"When I saw him dead," continued Michael, "I thought perhaps it was an evil thing to kill him, and not give him time."

"Time," I interposed. "He had twenty two years of time; don't torment your conscience on that plea."

He caught at my words eagerly.

"You are right," he said; "and doubtless it was ordained he should die on board the Penkivel, in sight of those whom he had wronged the most. And I—why should I complain if my hands have been made to do justice? We cannot understand all things. Evil may come out from the Throne as well as good. A spirit was sent out from the Lord to be a lying spirit on the lips of a prophet, to lead a wicked king to his doom. I am only a child, and, as a child, I hold on to Faith.* The fiery wheels of Time and Chance may crush me, but I will never forget the Spirit is with them, and there is a wheel set in the midst of a wheel, and underneath the wings is the form of a man's hand."

He lifted his cap reverently, and went forward to speak to Mr. Trafford, who came to meet him.

"These poor creatures entreat you to take them into a French port," he said. "We are not far from the coast of Brittany. Can you land them there? Living is very cheap in that country; and, almost penniless as they are, this is a great consideration. I will take care that our next outward-bound ship calls for them at whatever port you land them. I am agent for the American firm to whom these emigrant ships belong."

"I will take them to the nearest port," said Michael, "whatever its name may be; and though they have lost everything, perhaps I shall find a way to help them before they land."

Soon after this I saw him speak to each of the crew separately, and lastly he gathered them all together at the stern, close by the man at the helm.

"Comrades," he said, in a low, earnest tone, "there is a sum of money on board this ship, which was left to you by a bad man, in the hope that it would bribe you to give him his wretched life. Am I right, comrades, in saying that you 'one and all' refuse to touch this money?"

"One and all," answered the men, in a chorus.

"And comrades," continued Michael, "am I right in saying that you one and all wish this gold to be given to those poor foreigners who have lost their all in the sea, and whom you have this past night saved from death?"

"One and all!" cried the men. "We wish it. One and all"

Never did this good old Cornish motto ring out so sweetly in my ears as it did now in these kindly voices.

Mr. Trafford undertook the division of the money, and as I saw the tears of thankfulness and joy it brought on haggard faces, I marvelled at the mercy which, from the evil gains of such a man as Mathew Carbis had wrought a blessing.

I suppose I was very tired, for as I stood looking at this scene, and Mr. Trafford had glanced at me once or twice, always with that look of pity on his face, I fell down suddenly, weeping, as it were, for very weariness

I think Mr. Trafford carried me to the cabin; but it was Madeline who took me in her arms and laid me gently on the bed Then, kneeling down by my side, she prayed me to sleep; and to soothe my vexed spirit, overweary and excited, she sang softly a dear hymn that my mother and dear Tom used to love. Ah, sometimes now in dreams, I fancy I hear still the soft murmur of her glorious voice, and I feel again the pressure of her arms and the warm touch of her tears as they fall upon my cheek. Oh, Madeline, Madeline! it was cruel to bid me farewell forever, thus in silence.

CHAPTER LI.

I SLEPT for eight hours without waking. Mine was the deep, healthy sleep of eighteen; not the light slumber of later years, which a slight sound will banish. Moreover, my ear now had grown accustomed to the noises of the ship; and, exhausted as I was, the little extra confusion was not likely to arouse me. It was night again when I awoke and found myself alone. A lamp was burning in the cabin, and on the table, beneath it, lay a letter. Starting up somewhat frightened, I called, hastily, "Madeline, Madeline!"

There was no answer.

"She is gone on deck," I said; but my heart misgave me; and looking at the letter, I saw it was addressed to myself. I tore it open hurriedly. Within were two letters—one for Maurice—the other for Lady Crehylla. On the outside sheet which enclosed them were a few lines of farewell to me.

I stood a moment like one stunned, and then I rushed on deck. I caught sight of Mr. Trafford instantly, and ran towards him.

"Where is Madeline?" I cried.

"She landed with the emigrants," he said. "No persuasion of mine could induce her to alter her resolve."

"How long ago was it since she landed?" I asked. "Cannot I land also? Is it too late?"

In my great distress I wrung my hands together and spoke with passionate eagerness.

"It is more than three hours ago since we put the Germans and my cousin ashore," replied Mr. Trafford; "and she entreated me to assure you she was safe and well, and amply provided for with funds. She would write to you when you return to London, and give directions then respecting everything."

I could not keep back my tears.

"It was cruel to steal away while I slept," I said bitterly. "Oh! why did no one wake me?"

"Believe me," returned Mr. Trafford, "it was not cruel. My cousin has told me all her sad story, and I perceive she is too proud to forgive herself for the past. Neither can she persuade herself to see her friends till some expiation, some atonement has been made for the wrongs done so rashly. Moreover, believe me, the Duke de Brianocurt is a dangerous man, and Madeline does well to avoid him for the present, and escape altogether in the future, if she can."

This last reason pacified me somewhat, and I began to hope that all would yet be well.

"When shall we be back at St. Egion's?" I said wearily.

"Not for some hours, I fear," replied Mr. Trafford. "You see the wind now is light and variable, falling sometimes to a dead calm, so we tack continually, and make but little way."

Ignorant as I was of tides and winds, I saw this; and so, with a sigh, strove to gather patience.

Here Michael came up and joined us.

"It was a strange thing," said he, "how the wind favored us when we sailed out of St. Egion's bay, and veered round and favored us again when we went right in the track of the burning ship; but now that the work is done, the wind has dropped. Miss Alice," he added, "there is supper set for you in the cabin."

I thanked him, and went below again. Now Madeline had left me, and I was alone on board the Penkivel, I felt happier in the cabin than on deck. But when the morning broke, full of sunshine and beauty, Mr. Trafford persuaded me to change my position, and to come on deck again; and, as the Penkivel beat about under the light winds, I confess, in spite of my loneliness and the strangeness of my position, I spent one of the happiest days of my life. When night fell clear and calm, the wind being fair for us again, the Cornish coast was visible like a ridge of gray clouds upon the sky.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The speed attained on some of the English railways exceeds that in any other part of the world, an average of thirty-five miles an hour being common, and forty miles an hour by no means rare. Thus, the distance between London and Glasgow, 406 miles, is made in ten hours; the Southeastern takes its passengers from London to Dover, seventy-six miles, in one and three-quarters, or at a speed of 43·4 miles an hour; on the Great Western the 118 miles to Bristol are run in two hours and thirty-six minutes, or 45.4 miles an hour. The train known as the "Flying Dutchman," runs from London to Swindon, seventy-seven miles, in eighty-seven minutes, or at an average speed of more than fifty-three miles an hour, the actual speed for a part of the way being fully sixty-five miles an hour.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Love weaves her spells with nice caprice—
A turmoil sweet with grief inlaid;
But friendship signs an armistice
To all the conflicts love has made.

Love basks amid the sunny hours
That wait on youth, and strength, and bloom,
But friendship is a plant that flowers
'Mid shadowy days of grief and gloom.

Which will you maiden, then, I pray—
Love, wilful as the wind, and wild,
Or friendship, like a beacon ray,
Guiding a wandering, weary child?

A CHAPTER FROM

—THE—

Modern Pilgrim's Progress.

BY MRS. BASIL STANLEY.

In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, then God openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction.—Job 33, 15.

BROKEN in heart, wounded in spirit, and ill in body, I went to the place of sepulchres, on New Year's Eve, that I might seek in the solitude of the tombs, the peace for which my soul longed.

As I sat in their midst I slept, and in my sleep a vision came to me. The face of the earth seemed spread out before me, while, as from an eminence, I looked down upon endless undulating meadows; each of which was separated from the other by a little torrent. Many roads and paths led over these fields; some of which had bridges crossing the torrents. Wherever there was no bridge the far shore of the torrent was not visible, a thick haze settling down to its brink. Some of the roads were thronged with pilgrims; so many upon each that I could scarcely discern at first whether there was not one continuous throng of persons passing forward, jostling each other on their way; but as I looked steadfastly, I saw that some were wending their way alone, some were traveling in groups, and others walking hand in hand in couples. Then I marveled as to their destination, and determined to single out some group, or couple, and follow their steps with my eyes. As I did so I became aware of the fact that the beings whom I saw were not altogether human; the peculiarity or difference lay in the double face which each one carried, and which, invisible at times, every now and then revealed itself.

The two whose course I finally decided to follow had their hands joined in companionship, emerging from a bower garlanded with flowers, and taking a path alone by themselves. One had the form of a man in earliest manhood, the other the form of a maiden in her youth, and both were comely when the face that corresponded to human beings was visible. In the man I saw that his sometimes invisible face was the face of a satyr; in the woman, a wild maniacal face, with rolling eyes that ever and anon gleamed out and then disappeared. As I looked, they stopped where a sandy road crossed diagonally the one they were traversing.

"We will take this road, Mimosa," said the man, "it is the straightest to the Golden Castle where I am going to bring thee;" stepping into the arid path he had chosen, as he spoke.

"Ah, let us stay in the path on which we started, Opal, it is so much more beautiful. See, there are no flowers growing where thou wishest to lead me; only weeds and prickly plants, and thorny bushes. I am sure there must be noisome reptiles crawling among them."

"Thou thinkest so because thou art a woman, and women know nothing. Come where I lead thee; and be thankful thou hast some one to guide thee; for thou wouldst never have the sense to find the way alone. Thou wouldst soon find thyself plunged in some pitfall or quicksands from which there is no escaping."

Then I saw Mimosa step bravely and trustingly by the side of Opal, casting only one wistful glance back at the sweet flowers that bordered the road which they left behind them.

"I could not have believed it, that pitfalls could lie on such a lovely path as the one we were in, hadst thou not told me, Opal," she said, looking fondly in his face.

"How shouldst thou know, child? Not that I am sure either, that there are any on that particular path; but didst thou not observe that it wound in and out from the point where we turned; while this one keeps straight across the tract that lies between us and the Golden Castle? The sooner we reach the castle the more time we shall have to rest, when we get there."

"If I could have my way, I would stop to rest whenever I felt tired; and I would choose all the flowery paths to walk in, instead of wading through this sand. See, where it is not sandy it is muddy; oh, dear Opal, let us go back to the sweet path we left, if you are not sure there are pitfalls there."

"Trust me; I know what is best for us, Mimosa. Flowers are of no use; they will not help us on our way, and if you keep your eyes, as I do, on the sand on which we are going, we may chance to find golden ore in it; enough, perhaps, to fill a room of the Golden Castle."

"I do trust thee, my dear husband, but I cannot keep my eyes on the ground; and of what use will the golden ore be to us when we reach the Castle of Gold? and then, too, it has neither fragrance nor beauty in itself to beguile us on the way, as the lovely blossoms have."

"Thou dost not love me as thou shouldst, if thou dost desire anything to beguile thee on thy way. It should be enough for thee that I am thy companion. If we are all in all to each other, as we should be, what matters it what road we take?"

"Now, thou hast spoken truly; for what does it matter to thee whether we find golden ore as long as we have no need of it, if thou lovest me truly, as I am sure thou dost? and I do have need of the flowers that I love so much. Do let us turn back, and get away from these stinging nettles. I shall miss more and more, at every step, the beautiful flowers that my father and my mother planted for me in our gardens at home."

"Then thou hadst better go back to thy garden," said Opal.

"Oh, that hurts me to hear thee say that, my love. I do not wish to go back; but let us choose the flower-path on our journey, because I love flowers so; and thou wilt learn to love them too, in time." As Mimosa spoke, they came to a stretch of miry road. She hung back, pointing to a tiny foot-path, bordered with roses; just wide enough for them to walk in, side by side.

"See, Opal, here is a beautiful path; we can avoid the mire, and pick the roses as we walk."

He grasped her hand only the tighter turning his satyr-face toward her and pulling her on.

When they had passed through the slough Mimosa said: "I beg thee to sit down by the way-side with me, and let me wash my feet for the mire is clinging to them. I am very tired too, and I long to rest."

Opal answered mockingly, "Thou canst rest if thou hast a mind to stop by the way, but thou knowest that I have to push on. Perhaps thou wouldst like to go back to thy father's gardens, and rest thyself there."

Mimosa seated herself on a bit of rock by the roadside, and looked up at him. I saw it was the maniacal face that she turned toward him as she said, "Thou canst go thy way, and if I am too weary to overtake thee, I will go back to the gardens of my father."

Opal's satyr face glowed with rage, and stooping, he gathered a branch of a thorny vine that was growing by the road and twisting it into a wreath he threw it over her head. It fell so that the longest and the sharpest thorns pierced her white bosom and brought the blood to the skin just where her heart lay. Then Opal kept on his way, and Mimosa sat alone by the roadside, wiping the mire from her feet, and washing them with her tears. Now and then, some of the pilgrims who passed, stopped to ask if they could help her on her way, or if they could carry any burdens for her; but she always answered in a brave voice: "I do not trust my burdens to others to carry for me, and I only sit here to rest, until I am strong enough to carry my own load."

When at last Mimosa saw that her feet were quite clean, she arose, put on her sandals, and, still wearing the thorn-wreath, pressed on to overtake Opal.

It was now near night fall, yet there was no pilgrim station in sight, or halting place for the night. But as Mimosa kept wearily on, she saw Opal standing under a huge thorn tree, by the entrance to a cave. He made as though he did not see her, although he had been watching for her approach, before she appeared in sight. At this moment a small, hump-backed pilgrim, called False Pride, touched Mimosa on the shoulder and said:

"Come on with me; I will find thee better lodgings than thou canst get in the dungeon home of Depression;" but not heeding him, she fixed her eyes on Opal, the eyes of her human face, and walking straight up to him said:

"I know that thou art sorry thou didst drag me through the filthy mire against my will: and that thou wouldst have grieved for me, and turned back for me if I had not pressed on to overtake thee."

"I am not sorry," answered Opal, "and thou must ask my forgiveness for asserting thy will against mine, before I will take thee back."

"I cannot ask thy forgiveness when I have not done aught that my conscience accuses me for; but thou knowest I cannot be happy until thou art pleased with me again."

"Say thou art sorry, and then I will take thee back."

"I am sorry that thou art so unreasonable, and so unjust; thou art never just to me, Opal, when we do not think alike, Because we are different, it need not make us unjust or disagreeable to each other; but if thou wilt not be sullen to me as heretofore, when I have displeased thee, I will try never to ask thee for any blossoms again; and I will go wherever thou leadest me, for how can two walk together unless they are agreed?"

Then I saw that Opal's heart was touched; the leering, mocking, satyr-face disappeared entirely, and tears started into his human eyes. Just then the little hump-back came up and whispered in his ear: "Thou hast won a victory; wives subject yourselves to your husbands in all things, says the Apostle. If thou wouldst continue the master, show no weakness." So Opal turned away to hide his tears, and Mimosa, who did not know that his heart was swelling with tenderness for her, fell prone at his feet across the entrance to the cave, and was taken up senseless and carried down to the dungeon; where I was permitted in my vision to follow her.

* * * * * *

Now, while Mimosa was lying ill in the dungeon of Depression, she said to her nurse, Patience, when she awoke from sleep:

"I have been dreaming; I thought Opal brought me some flowers, and I was so happy, until he told me we must press on to the Golden Castle. I wonder if the castle lies near the gates of the Eternal City. Patience, dost thou think that those who stain their feet with the mire of life can enter those gates?"

"There be many that strive and few that enter, it is said," continued Patience; "but my own idea is, that all who wish to get in, will get in, if they do not turn back on the way. Hast thou ever heard what terrible experiences come to those who start, and then turn back?"

"Ah, I have no thought of turning back," answered Mimosa. "I fear most dying on the way, before I reach the gates; it is such a long weary way to walk, when there are no flowers to gather to gladden the heart; and I am sure the good God never meant to have any of His children walk in such a path as Opal has chosen. It is fit only for the beasts of the field who care nothing for flowers, and for animals that wallow in their own mire."

Before Patience had time to answer, the curtain that hung before the entrance of the cavern chamber, where Mimosa lay, was lifted, and Depression entered, bearing in his arms an oblong casket, with a glass window at one end.

"I have brought thee my reflector," he said to Mimosa; "invented by, and named after Reflection one of the guides to the Eternal City, who bestows great aid upon those who call upon him for service. I know of many whom he has helped to retrace their steps, after they had turned aside to wander in forbidden paths. Wilt thou look in the instrument? It sets forth in tableaux, with figures that speak and move, the course of one who started for the Eternal City, and, who was held back by her husband and children, who would not let her depart. But thou must not be discouraged by what thou seest. All pilgrims do not have to pass through such terrible scenes before they are relieved from the pangs of earthly love."

"I shall not be easily discouraged," answered Mimosa, "for I counted the cost before I started; only I am grieved because Opal cares more to reach the Golden Castle than the Eternal City; then too he will not help me on the way. He might so easily lift me over the rough places in his strong arms, and let me walk around the muddy places that I loathe so, instead of plunging through them in his haste to get to the castle; where he says I shall rest with him as long as I like, on our way, and have all the roses that I want. Now that I am ill, he has to stop, whether he likes it or not; and after this, perhaps he will not tire me so, but will let me rest by the way. When one has been accustomed to flowers, it is hard to walk where only thorns grow; and I love flowers more than anything else in the world. Opal says I shall have everything that money can buy when we get to the Golden Castle; but it may be years before we get there, and I would rather have some wild flowers every day, now, than all the gorgeous blossoms then that ever glowed their lives away under tropical suns, or in hot-house windows, I would indeed.

"I am sure thou wouldst," said Depression, arranging the burnished metal which threw light on the scenes within the reflector. "There, now thou canst look in."

"Oh, how lovely! oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Mimosa.

"What dost thou see?" asked Patience.

"I see Paradise; flowing fountains, statuary that might have been chiselled by Praxiteles; great beds of roses of all hues, and each bed of one hue; crimson, gold, pink, white, ruby, blush; alleys of fern-like plants with blossoms of flame and snow alternating; every beautiful plant and flower that the eye ever saw; and a marble palace with a river flowing at the back; and now I see a woman approaching the river; she is going to step into a gondola that is waiting for her. No, she is held back by her husband, who has followed her; I know it is her husband, because she looks up at him with such tenderness in her eyes; and in his I see a worshipping fondness. Now, three, four, five, six daughters and sons come down the terrace, catching hold of their mother's garments, saying, "We will not let our mother go!" They kneel around her, they kiss her hands, entreating her not to leave them. Hark! she speaks! "Why do you hold me back, my darlings! I have heard the voice of the messenger, summoning me to go with him to the Eternal City. I may not stay with you, my dear ones; I must be gone; the messenger waits; prevent not my going." The husband says, "What would become of me without thee? Thou must not go." The children say, "We cannot part with our mother; we must go also, if thou wilt depart." The woman hesitates, looking back upon them all with her eyes full of love! Oh, so full of love. How beautiful to see such love! Now she puts her arm around two of the daughters, and chants:

"Not a blessing broods above you
But it lifts me from the ground;
Not a thistle-barb doth sting you
But I suffer from the wound.
Though I leave you, precious darlings,
You will never be alone;
I shall sorrow when you sorrow,
I shall shiver when you moan!"

She turns to the gondola, but while she paused to embrace her children, it floated out in the river, and she is left on the shore.

"I will come back for thee," cries the gondolier. "Beckon, if thou wishest me, and I will return."

"I thought thou wast sent to take me to the Eternal City," she answers.

"I was sent to see if thou art ready to go," he said.

"Is that so? Then if it is permitted to me to choose, I will stay yet a little longer; for I fear I should be wretched even in Paradise, if I thought my darlings needed me here," she replies.

"Thou hast chosen!" the gondolier shouts back, as his gondola glides swiftly away. "Thou hast chosen! It would have been better for thee, I fear, if thou hadst said: 'Thy will, my God, be done!'"

Now, all is melting away, like a dissolving view; and I see only a gray and golden smoke, rolling in billows, which breaks, as I look, in the centre, parting like curtains on either side, disclosing a desolate scene. A wild, devastated tract, with patches of black, burnt stubble, checkered with sere vegetation, slopes down to a torrent spanned by no bridge, but with a crossing of stepping stones far apart. On the summit of the slope I see a newly made grave, not yet sodded, looming up against a background of black sky: around it are seven kneeling figures. The silence of death is broken by the sobs of the children only; for the widow with calm confidence looks up into the blue heavens above her, as though she heard a voice summoning her to follow her beloved one. Now they rise and turn to leave the grave. The most anxious care is bestowed upon the mother, her steps are guided, her arms supported; every pebble is removed from her path. Suddenly the sky is overcast, darkness shrouds the scene. There comes flying through the air a swarm of creatures with bat like wings and demon faces, swooping down upon the group, and bearing away the children in their talons. The mother, thus left alone, turns helplessly from right to left, and from left to right, in her vain search for the earthly stays that she was leaning upon. She stretches her arms, calling piteously after them. At last she realizes that she is alone, and with an anguished cry of despair she staggers on, shaping her course for the torrent, beyond which there seems to rise from a thick haze the turrets of a city. As she pushes on, scorpions crawl out from their nests, and venomous reptiles hiss after her. On either side of her path two demons stalk or lie in wait, one is the fiend Insanity, the other Palsy; who every now and then strikes at her with his shaking fist. At first she did not see them; but now she rushes on, stumbling in her terror, and even calling upon her lost children to help her on her way. "My darlings, come back and drive these fiends from my path!" she screams again and again. The air rings with the agony of her cries, until nearing the torrent she sees a sentinel pacing its brink.

"Is this the stream of Death?" she asks. "If so, wilt not thou help me across? for I am ill and weary of my life."

"Nay," answers the sentinel. "This little torrent is the barrier between the old year and the new. Take good heart, woman, for on the other shore thou mayst find the health and happiness which thou hast lost on this side."

Now she presses her hand on her forehead and talks to herself of the little rustic bridges which she used to build in the youth of her children to help them across, garlanding them with wreaths of evergreen, she says, and scarlet berried holly; hanging pretty playthings to beguile them on their way. She moans piteously. "Ah, they have forgotten that I was so near the torrent, or they would not have left me until they had helped me across, this first year that I have been without their father's strong arm to lean upon. Oh, they could not have known how ill I am! I will wait here awhile and call after them; and when they hear me they will come back out of pity for me in my unspeakable desolation." The sun sets and rises, the days come and go, and she waits patiently until the last night of the old year. Then she cries out in her despair: "Oh, my children! my children! if not one of you can return to guide my feeble steps, send me the staff of Sympathy that, supported by it, I may reach the other side, and not lose my footing in

the torrent, nor be overtaken by the fiends."

As she calls, strange shadows flit around her, indistinct and formless. A voice from one of them answers, "Esculapius told us not to give thee the staff, that thou wilt get along better without it; and that it is only a fancy of thine that fiends are pursuing thee."

She presses one hand to her head and one to her heart, as though she had been struck both head and heart by a sudden blow.

"Wilt thou believe Esculapius instead of thy mother? He knows me not; I am not like those who lean too heavily and break the staff of Sympathy; nor is it fancy that the fiends pursue me, for I have felt their blows. By and by, when I get well and strong I will not trouble thee; but now I pray thee get me the staff, and I will return it as soon as I can walk alone. I would not be a burden to my children, but I fear the time will come when you will have to take me up and carry me, if I am left in this my hour of sore need without any staff to lean upon."

"Esculapius says that thou art as well able to walk as I am; that thou dost only fancy thyself ill, and that we must not humor thee, or we will make thee worse," are the words that come from a second shadow.

"Oh, my darlings! am I not your mother? have I not been a good mother? Have I ever turned away from you, when you called upon me for help? Can you not trust me then when I tell you that Esculapius ignorantly measures all alike with his Procrustean rule. I am not as they are whom he judges me by. I cannot walk alone, or I would do so, and trouble no one, my darlings. Come and help me, and listen no more to the cruel words of Esculapius."

A third shadow answers: "Have we not lost our father, and are we not going our way without leaning upon thee? Why dost thou reproach us, and trouble us with thy repinings?"

A fourth shadow flits nearer, saying: "The sooner thou learnest to walk alone, the better; if we give thee the staff, thou wilt always expect it."

"No, we will not give it to thee," says the fifth shadow, and a sixth echoes the words.

Now the woman rises, and, growing strong in her despair, stands upright She lifts up her hands to the heavens, and exclaims, "O God! these my offspring, whom I nourished at my breast, and reared through their childhood, and trained in their youth —whose joys have been my joys and whose sorrows have been my sorrows, whose love is all that I have left to live for—they have bitten my heart and torn my breast with the fangs of ingratitude, until I long for the grave wherein to hide my grief and to escape from the demons which Anguish and Despair have set upon my path!"

As she spoke the last words, she fell in a swoon, and the shadows flitted away and disappeared, leaving her lying on the ground. An angel comes down out of the sky and, bending over her, breathes upon her. She turns wearily, as one turns in troubled sleep, and lifts herself slowly up, looking in a bewildered way around her. She seems to have forgotten the shadows and their voices, or, if she recalls them, it is to her as a dream; for she says, "I have been sleeping, and have not yet crossed the torrent. I will 'be brave,' though I am weak; perchance Death may meet me on the other side; or, should health return, I may still be of use to my dear ones. O, my daughter! my darling! put out thy dear hand and guide me, for I am weak in body and soul, and the darkness of night has overtaken me."

A voice comes from the distance:

"Why canst thou not be the kind, unselfish mother that thou wast once, whom I so idolized, and not continue to reproach me, and call upon me to sustain thee?"

Tears are streaming down the woman's pallid cheeks now, as she steps one foot, alone and without any staff, on the first stepping stone.

"Come thou, my son, and lead me over and well on my way; until I pass those gleaming turrets, which may rise from some mad-house, into which the fiend Insanity will drive me in my weakness if I have no one to protect me. Come, my son!"

"Esculapius told me not to listen to thee, and I will not stay within the sound of thy voice if thou callest on me any more. Thou art quite as well able to cross as I am, and thou must learn to walk without support, for now thou hast lost thy best friend, thou wilt not soon find another to humor thee in thy fancies."

At these words the woman reeled as she walked, losing her balance at last and almost falling in the torrent; but the same angel that breathed upon her is by her side, holding her up and supporting her. With quivering lips and eyes streaming with tears she speaks.

"He knows not what he is saying, but the day will come when it will be given to him to know the worth of the heart he has broken. I have one more hope; perchance my carrier dove may bring me a missive, which will cheer my heart and help me to reach the border-land of the new year." As she ceases to speak she looks steadfastly into the sky and she sees the evening star rising over the black hill-tops throbbing with its fulness of golden light.

'O, beautiful star! thou hast risen anew to light my steps; but no, I feel the cold wind sweeping down from Arctic seas, and driving thick clouds between us, and no carrier dove comes with the lines I long for! O, my children! I would have died for you, but I did more. I lived for you, through seas of trouble that you knew not of! Do not desert me, now that for the first time in my mother-life I need you more than you need me! I have lost my wise counsellor, thy father, in whom I trusted and whose arm was always as ready to support me as his heart was ready to sympathize with me; help me, until I reach the other bank, and move this obstacle in the stream that bars my progress, I pray you!"

As she speaks, she reaches toward a shadow that is near her, but the shadow approaches only to push treacherously the object nearer, so that the woman stumbles and falls over into the stream. I see the angel once more returning to her, accompanied by a second spirit; together they lift her and carry her between them across the torrent. As they float away from her, the ground beneath her feet crumbles, and once more in wild desperation, she stretches out her hands calling: "My children! my children! I am not afraid of Death but I am afraid of the fiends that dog my footsteps and break the ground from under me. Do not leave me to be dragged into their dens, as I surely will be without your support and without one ray of light to guide me in this thick darkness. I can render you services in the land that lies beyond, as I have in the past. Oh, help me! help me!"

The sentinel of the new year speaks to her:

"Art thou mad, woman? If so, I will call a keeper."

"No, I am not yet mad; but call the keeper; for I will be grateful to him if he will lead me where my brain can get some rest."

"Pass on to the tribunal, yonder, where all are tried for their deeds done on the other side of the stream. When thou hast received acquittal, or sentence, as the case may be, then take the road to the left, and the first turning will bring thee to a mad-house, where thou wilt find a keeper."

The woman walks on, with one hand held over her forehead as in pain, and reaches the tribunal.

"Woman, where are thy accusers?" asks the judge.

"I know not that I have any accusers," she answers.

As she speaks, a cowled shadow confronts her.

"I am thy accuser," it says.

"Of what dost thou accuse me?" she asks.

"Of thinking of thyself instead of others."

"What hast thou to say in answer?" asks the judge.

A wan smile comes in the woman's face, and, with quivering lips, she says:

"God is my Judge. He who knoweth all things, needeth not that I should answer."

"Thou canst not be permitted to show contempt here; answer, hast thou indeed lived wholly for thyself?"

"Were my dead here they would answer for me; but, as I cannot prove my words nor my acts, I will make no other answer than that God is my judge."

"Go on, accuser; what other charge hast thou to bring?"

"Of injustice, partiality, untrustworthiness, and selfishness."

"What is thy answer?"

"I have striven to do justly, walk humbly, and to deal mercifully and unselfishly with all. Here, also, let God be my judge?"

"What is the next charge?"

"Self-glorification, and making herself as one inspired."

"What dost thou answer?"

"Nay, nay, I have not glorified myself; that would be impossible; for it is God that worketh in me to will and to do of his own good pleasure. It has oftentimes perplexed me that He hath chosen me for one of His vessels, and conferred upon me a gift spoken of by the Apostle, in our Holy Scriptures. I have marvelled that God hath raised me up to the office which I have so unworthily fulfilled, but never have I failed to give Him the glory, and to say that of myself I can do nothing."

"What other charge is there?"

"She is always in the right, in her own opinion."

"What hast thou to say, woman?"

"Would that I were; my frequent shortcomings are not because of my desire to do that which is wrong, but rather because of the infirmities of humanity which cannot be wholly overcome in this world; though I have never yet ceased to strive for the victory which is promised to all who endure to the end. When I am wrong I strive to make amends."

"Hast thou any other charge?"

"She worries everyone with her explanations, her self-defence, and her demands for sympathy."

"What answer dost thou make?"

"I know not that I have demanded sympathy; I have given much, and I could not but expect it in return. I plead guilty of self-defence and explanation, for I could never endure the thought that any one whom I loved or respected could believe me guilty of deeds that were unworthy of their love, or of their respect."

"What other charge is there?"

"She is a lover of fulsome flattery."

"To the extent of being led by it into unseemly acts and sinful deeds? For if it is not so, this charge must be passed over, since all human beings are susceptible to flattery; and only those who are led into evil because of it, are hurt by it. All flattery is fulsome to those whom it does not concern."

"Name the next charge, accuser."

"She squanders money, and gives no account of it. No one knows how, or on whom she makes way with money that is not her own."

"What hast thou to say, woman?"

"It is false! What monies I have disbursed were my own, and I hold vouchers that I have spent all in worthy causes and on worthy objects. Show me thy face, coward, for this charge betrays thee as the false-accuser that thou art."

The judge lifts the cowl, and the woman reels forward, as if she had received a mortal wound, and drops on her knees before the tribunal. Now the angels appear, the cowled shadow flits away, and the angels lift the woman to her feet.

Her face is blanched, her hair is no longer grey, but white, and her lips are bloodless.

"Guilty, or not guilty?" asks the Judge.

"God is my judge, who sees the heart."

"Why didst thou quail before thy accuser, if thou art not guilty?"

"Must I answer?"

"It is imperative, if thou wouldst not be detained in prison."

"Because my accuser is one whom I have loved—one whom I have fed and clothed with kindnesses, and I am a widow in the first months of my widowhood."

"Though thy sins be many, all are forgiven thee; pass on."

She reels now as one reels who has had a death blow; but, see! a carrier dove appears flying toward her! She gives a cry, half anguish, and half joy, and stretches out both hands for the missive. Ah, it is an arrow, and so cunningly devised that as she takes it in her hand it works its way to her heart. Another shaft comes whizzing through the air, aimed at her heart; and with the blood flowing from the wound it has made in her breast, she falls backwards, and is caught in the arms of the angel, who has not left her since she fell at the feet of the Judge.

"Who is holding me?" she asks. "Is it thou, sweet, gentle Death? I have longed for thee so much; oh, take me to my true-hearted dead!"

The angel answers:

"I am the angel Sympathy, an angel of life; not an angel of death. This, my companion, is one of the ministering spirits of the angel Health, and we have come to restore thee; thou art not yet ready to die, for thou hast not learned to call upon thy Creator; the father of love, who pitieth his children in all their sorrows: the Lord of sympathy who helps all who call upon his name. Thou hast called only upon thy children. Thou hast loved the creature more than the Creator!"

"Ah, accuse me not! I am weary of accusations! If I love not my children whom I have seen, how can I love God whom I have not seen? I fear not to pass into His presence. He judgeth not as men judge; nor does He weigh our failures against our efforts. Take me to Him, that I may find peace."

"This I am not permitted to do, until of thy own free will thou seekest His arm to lean upon, instead of the arms of thy children, upon whom thou hast not ceased to call for support since thou wert stricken to the dust by thy sore bereavement."

"Is it God's will, then, that I turn from the children whom he gave to me? Can I serve him better than through my love for them, which taught me the strength of His love for me?"

"It is God's will that His children submit their wills to His own. He ordains that every human soul shall pass through the Gethsemane of life to the place of crucifixion, learning, through Calvary's lesson, to say:

"Thy will, my God, be done!"

A holy light beams over the awful sadness of the woman's face, as she repeats the words:

"Thy will, my God, be done!"

Hark! she is chanting now:

"I knew not it was Thou, or else
I would not so have murmured, Lord,
To find my gushing fountains sealed,
My palm trees fallen on the sward.

"I knew not whence the arrows flew,
That rent my bleeding heart in twain,
For had I known Thine was the mark,
I could have borne the torturing pain.

"I knew not that Thy guiding love
Decreed, from idols I had made
I must be torn to do Thy will,
And, hearing not Thy voice, I was afraid!

"But now I know that it is Thou,
Welcome the loss, the pain, the strife,
For whatsoever be Thy will,
Shall also be my will in life."

"Ah! now, there starts forward, out of the darkness, loving human forms; no longer shadows, hastening toward her and surrounding her."

"Where have you been my darlings? I have been pursued by demons, and mocked by shadows. Frightful visions have seemed like realities to me. I thought I had lost you all, forever!"

"We have been held back by the powers of evil," answers one; "but our heartstrings were tugging to get to thee."

"Only that it was God's will we could not have stayed away from thee so long," says another.

"He permitted these fiends to have control of us, in order that his purposes might be accomplished," says a third.

Now one of the sons speaks:

"Ah, that mock tribunal, where I saw a spirit of darkness personating myself! I thought my heart would break when I found how my hands and feet were pinioned, and saw how thou wast suffering, yet could not reach thee."

"Though Esculapius held me back," says another son, "he could not have done so, had not Providence made him His instrument, for I could have broken away from him, and flown to thee had he been endowed with only human strength."

Now the mother embraces each child in turn, and kisses them one by one, tenderly.

"Thou art coming with us, never to be separated from us again," says one.

"She answers: "You no longer have need of me, my dear ones, and I go to do the work for which I have been prepared. Keep fast hold of each other, live in love, be compassionate one toward another, and we shall meet in Eternity."

The angel Sympathy takes her by the hand, and leaning upon him he leads her away out of their sight.

As Mimosa ceased speaking she closed the instrument and heaving a long sigh, said:

"I am glad to know that the shadows were not her children, for had they been, it would have made me wish never to have any children of my own."

"Oh, children are a great drag, sometimes, to those who are in haste to get to the Eternal City," answered Patience.

"But they must help to make the road less tedious. I would not like to think that Opal and I will never have any little ones; but if we have children I will not forget the lesson I have learned to-day; I will call upon God when in trouble, and not upon my children."

"It is a good lesson to learn," answered Patience, "and thou wilt do well to teach it to others on thy way. It would be hard indeed if each human being had to learn it by such terrible experiences as the poor widow had; but all who will may help to lighten their pound of the world's woe, by tender ministrations, and teachings, that ward off suffering. The farther you walk on the road to the Eternal City the farther you can see, and the more you can help others."

"I will remember what thou hast said," replied Mimosa; "and as I walk I will try to help all who suffer. If I meet Esculapius I will entreat him not to seek to deprive any one of what our Saviour so abundantly bestowed on all; for it is what we are most called upon to bestow on one another. Dost thou know what became of the children when the angel Sympathy led their mother away from them?"

"They had not travelled far before they found that they needed her. I will tell thee some day all that happened; but now thou must go to sleep, and I will watch beside thee, as thy mother would watch, to keep all noise away."

"There is no love like a mother's love, and thou art kind to take such care of me," said Mimosa, as she lay back on her white pillow, while Patience sat within call, just outside of the curtain.

[END OF CHAPTER I]

MRS. HANNAH FORWARD CLARKE, of East Granby, Conn., is now in her ninety-fifth year, and yet tells with grim humor a quaint tale of the olden time when it was the custom to "line hymns in meeting." The deacon adjusted his spectacles, raised his psalm book, and incidentally said, "I'm almost blind." and the congregation took up the words and sung them as a line. The deacon greatly annoyed, explained, "I can scarcely see at all," but this also was sung in solemn measure. In holy indignation the deacon raised both hands and exclaimed, "You're all bewitched!" and this, too, was rendered into praise; whereupon the deacon vociferated loudly, "The devil's in every one of you!" Such a change in the sentiment as well as in the metre, brought the singers to a standstill, and after some confusion they sang the proper psalm.

CURE OF HOARSENESS.—Hoarseness can be removed temporarily by dissolving in the mouth a small piece of borax about the size of a green pea, or about three-fourths of a grain, and slowly swallowing it. It produces a profuse secretion of saliva and affords relief.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison has written a letter in defence of the Chinese.

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 19, 1879.

CHEAP PLEASURES.

DID you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? asks some excellent writer. Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look; they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of half a-dozen children; send them half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to stow goods away in your warehouse; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a pitcher, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say, "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face—say "good morning" as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No; rather let us take them and scatter them about us—in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children, in the crowded mart where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

REFINEMENT is not fastidiousness. It is nothing of the kind. It is far removed from the excess of waste. A person who is truly refined will not squander or needlessly consume anything. Refinement, on the contrary, is always allied to simplicity and a judicious and tasteful employment of the means of the good and happiness which it has at command. It seeks to divest itself of superfluities, and aspires continually to the utmost possible purity. Refinement leads to personal cleanliness and elegant neatness, good taste and simplicity in dress. All "loudness" or flashiness is repugnant to its spirit. In its home and surroundings, the same chasteness and natural grace are maintained. The abode of genuine refinement and a mere pretender to it are very different. In the former you will find no excess of gaudiness or false glitter; but the latter abounds in them. In personal manner, refinement is most conspicuous. A man of refinement is always polite without effeminacy, and considerate without stiffness.

WE are apt to smile at enthusiastic people, and the smile is mingled with compassion. "He is so enthusiastic," we say apologetically of some friend, and we make the admission as if it implied a want of balance. But what would the world be without enthusiastic souls, or how would its great enterprises be sustained and accomplished? Enthusiasm is the lever by which some of us need to be lifted. The inertness of selfish, preoccupied or indolent souls can be overcome only by this force. For enthusiasm is gifted with the faculty of seeing into futurity, and, overlooking the intermediate steps, the toil and effort of the work, beholds a glorious vision of the whole, and is refreshed thereby, while the duller spirits are yet doubting and calculating. Some one has said, and said truly, that "he is old indeed who has outlived his enthusiasm." Well for us if we have kept ours, if we can still be enthusiastic over a fine poem, a noble deed, an exalted aim!

MANY people fall into the mistake of confusing first impressions with common sense, fancying that when a question is laid before them a rapid exercise of the mental faculties is most to be trusted. They imagine that in a more mature consideration of the various bearings of a case the mind is apt to dwell from predilection on certain points to the neglect of others; but they forget that in a cursory view some of the most essential features are often missed, or, if observed, are in a great measure misunderstood.

SANCTUM CHAT.

HOUSE decorations are becoming more artistic and elegant every season. The most charming effect in wall-paper is secured by the use of the new gold-embroidered "friezes," representing characters and scenes from old English poetry and history. They are set beneath the cornices of the ceiling, and, brought out in relief by a paper of neutral tint, afford a contrast to the rich furniture of the room at once striking and beautiful. The new styles in curtains are Russian bordered tapestries in all colors, copies of antique Palermo velvets.

—

THE successes of Peter Cooper's long and useful life are well known, and illustrate the fact that success and fortune does not always come to youth. Not so many are aware of his varied experience in the direction of failure, particularly in the field of invention. More than once he has found his best devices profitless because ahead of his time, or because of conditions, political or otherwise, which no one could foresee. He possessed the rare qualities, however, of pluck and perseverence, and when one thing failed he lost no time in trying something else. Before he was of age he had learned three trades—and he did not make his fortune at either.

—

THE mania for walking is bringing results rather different from those which have previously rewarded the participants. Mackey, one of the contestants in the recent walking match at the Masonic Temple, Baltimore, was forced to leave the track in an exhausted condition; Johnston was completely used up; Blondel fell insensible at the finish. In Brooklyn Miss Sinclair fell fainting on the track, and for a long time was thought to be dying. In Flushing, L. I., Benjamin Fowler is said to be dying from the effect of a six-days' walk. In Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Washington's feet and legs were so badly swollen that it was found to be necessary to leave the track. Madame Anderson, it is said, is in a wrecked condition. O'Leary fears that he will never be the same man again.

—

ONE cause of the sort of apathetic indifference and lack of industry which, up to twenty years ago, were to be found among a considerable proportion of the population of Ireland, south and west, was the quality of their food. This subject was discussed by Dr. Lyon Playfair some years ago, in his work entitled, "The Food of Man in Relation to his Useful Work." The harmony of animal life requires mixed food, and the habits and character of population must depend on the manner in which this mixture is habitually made. The Irish peasant who can only do labor worth seven or eight shillings a week on a potato diet could earn double or treble when well fed. On the diet to which he was formerly accustomed idleness was oftentimes a physical necessity rather than a moral delinquency. If the potato had become the diet of Scotland the same defects might have characterized the Scotch peasants, but, fortunately for them, their ancestors took to oatmeal.

—

DURING the early spring months it is common to hear persons speak of unwonted depression and uneasiness, accompanied with loss of appetite and inability to sleep, and, with a large measure of accuracy, the condition is attributed to the weather. The relations which subsist between such mental depression as constitutes melancholia and the defective discharge of its functions by the skin may help to explain this phenomenon. When the skin does not act freely, when its functions are seriously impeded or arrested, melancholy broods over the mind, just as in the case of a subject of melancholia, a formulated disease, the skin becomes dense and inactive. It is not a random conjecture, therefore, that the intense and prolonged, albeit unaccustomed, cold and damp, work their depressing influences mainly through the skin. Warmer clothing, especially at night, frequent ablutions, with sufficient friction, and the promotion of skin activity by every legitimate form of exercise, are obvious measures of health which everybody ought to understand, and all should practice.

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LOVERS of old china in London had a chance to spend their money recently on the most interesting collection that has in some time been offered at auction. It was the collection of the Earl of Lonsdale. There was an exquisite tea service, many charming dishes in various designs, and some remarkable specimens of cups and saucers in separate pieces. The pieces procured will not tend to strengthen the impression that the taste for old crockery is declining. An old Chelsea vase, with deep blue ground and medallions of Chinese figures, and eight smaller medallions of exotic birds in colors, brought $2 800. A pair of vases with covers, also Chelsea ware, brought $2,100. Three Oriental jars, lacquered black and gold, sold for $2,785. The Dresden was very fine, and one dinner-service sold for $1,485. A still finer one was dispersed among various bidders, bringing $1,550. An exquisite tea-service was bought for $655. One day's sale amounted to more than $36,000. The following day some decorative furniture was sold, and a lot of what some benighted people would call "old lumber," brought over $34,000.

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THE life of an editor or author in Russia has no certainty of being one of unalloyed felicity. In January last an unfortunate author published a work in Moscow, which treated somewhat of political affairs. He criticized the acts of the public authorities. He even made light of the divinity that doth hedge in royalty, and scoffed at the Czar and the Imperial family generally. His work was condemned as contumacious, and the author was sentenced to receive one hundred lashes of the knout, or to swallow his own book. Now, as one hundred lashes of the knout means certain death when heartily applied, and are withal supposed to be very unpleasant, this author very sensibly concluded to accept the latter alternative, and literally eat his own defamatory words. On the 15th of February last he was led into one of the public squares of Moscow by the public executioner, accompanied by a surgeon and physician of the Czar's, and escorted by a file of soldiers. The leaves of the book had been separated and rolled up somewhat like cigar-lighters. As a concession, the authorities had trimmed off the margins of the leaves. Then commenced the novel repast. Leaf after leaf was crammed into the author's mouth, masticated and swallowed, until one third of the obnoxious work had disappeared. At this point of the punishment the imperial physician adjourned the banquet until the next day. The unfortunate author was led back to prison to ruminate over the vicissitudes of Russian authorship. On the next day he completed another third of the book, and on the third day reached "finis," when he was allowed to run at large.

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A CORRESPONDENT writing from London, says, "The other day I came upon a new store in the city. The windows were fairly dazzling with color. A stray sunbeam falling upon them, the shop front flashed back a rainbow of blue, green, red, yellow, indigo, vermillion, umber, black and white. It was a store devoted to the modern fashion of adorning ladies' hats, bonnets and dresses with birds and butterflies. All the corners of the earth had been ransacked to satisfy this new craze. Whole birds, birds' wings, tails, and breasts were here by the thousand. Butterflies and humming-birds vied with each other in wealth of color and beauty of arrangement. It is true there are plenty of stores in London devoted to specimens of natural history, where these things may be purchased, but here is a shop full of them, not as studies or specimens, but as articles of adornment. Travelers and others say that bird-slaughter as a trade has now reached proportions which threaten the very extinguishment of some of the rarest, as well as gayest, species. One can understand this when it is stated on authority that a German dealer recently received a consignment of 82,000 dead humming-birds, 80,000 aquatic birds of several varieties, and 800,000 pairs of wings. This to one dealer alone; while at the same time all the other traders are increasing their orders to foreign shippers. There is something very sad in these figures. Surely our women cannot think about the subject, or they would never promote this sacrifice of bird-life for a mere freak of fashion. The rage for feather trimmings has almost annihilated the ribbon trade of Coventry.

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MRS. J. RANDOLPH CLAY (wife of the Hon. J. Randolph Clay, so well known as a political representative abroad of the United States,) wears on the shoulder of her evening costumes, a living specimen of a beetle, like those worn partly as a decoration, partly as a pet, by the ladies of Central America. The tropical custom of confining living luminous insects in gauze, and wearing them in full dress, is doubtless well known to most of our readers; and the employment of the dead bodies of various species of Buprestris, and other brilliant beetles as natural jewels or adornments for the trimming of dresses, is also familiar. But the custom now under notice has, we believe, not before been recorded in this country, though doubtless known to Central American entomologists, and is exceedingly curious. The beetle employed is not, as might have been expected, one of the resplendent hues, or brilliant and highly contrasted markings. It is a large and somewhat cumbrous species of the Tenebrionidæ or Heteromera, a Zopherus, of considerable rarity in collections, as the genus to which it belongs is restricted to Central America, from Mexico to Venezuela, probably living in very arid and desert localities. Mrs. Clay's specimen came from Merida, Yucatan, and is an inch and a half long, something like the well-known Pyrophorus, or luminous Elater, in build, black beneath, with black legs and antennæ, and yellowish grey on the upper side, with elevated shining black spots on the interstices of the wing-cases, and on the thorax. It is confined by a slight encircling gold band at the base of the wing cases, to which is fastened a little thin strip of gold running down the suture, bent under the beetle at the tip, and having attached to it a slight gold chain, which is pinned to the shoulder of the wearer. It was received so decorated, in what is evidently the fashionable and usual method. A great peculiarity in it is its power of living for a very long time without food. Fanciful names are given to it, based upon a belief of its subsisting upon light, air, and other impalpable articles of diet; but the English naturalist, recalling the records of longevity in our common cellar beetle, Blaps, also belonging to the Tenebrionidæ, will probably see nothing poetical in this capability of the insect. Mrs. Clay has had her beetle six weeks only, and is ignorant for how long a period it was fasting before being sent to her; but it has eaten nothing during her ownership, or during the voyage. The Mexican ladies amuse themselves by attaching their rings to the chain, and watching the beetle's efforts in dragging his precious load. One is irresistibly reminded of Gulliver in the fair toils of the Brobdignagian princess and her suite.

CARELESS HANDS.

BY S. A. M. ROSS.

"'Twas a rose!"
"Well, who cares for a few dead leaves?"
"Nobody knows
When, or where, or how it grew;
Nobody knows who plucked it and who gave it me,
Nobody! not even you."

"'Twas a ring!"
"Well, who cares for a broken ring?"
"Nobody knows
When or where that ring was bought;
Or if the gift to me meant much or nought;
Nobody! not even you."

"'Twas a note!"
"Well who cares for a slip like that,
Faded and old?"
"Who cares?—why my darling one,
That could not be bought for its length in gold;
No! no indeed! O no!"

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XXXIX—[CONTINUED.]

THEN he had hardly noticed her of late; but there was that in the Cuban's eyes that told of smothered volcanic passion that might at any moment burst into flame, and Dutch felt that if he escaped from injury that evening, he would try and bring forward the plot that must be now nearly ripe, and strike before it was too late.

There were men on board who would after the first blow was successfully struck, he argued, be ready to side with the victorious party, irrespective of whom it might be, and this blow must be struck and at once before it was too late.

He was brought back to the realities of his position by a few sharp words from Laure, supplemented by a brutal jerk from Rasp; but as he secured portions of his waterproof dress, and glanced round the deck, everything seemed to be imprinted on his brain with vivid force.

There was the last heap of wet silver, mingled with stone, shell, and seaweed; the little streams of water trickling from it to the scuppers; and there by the pump, which it had become their duty to work, were the captain, the doctor, and Mr. Wilson; while, just emerging from the cabin, and supporting John Studwick each by a hand, came Hester and Beesy, to lead the invalid to a seat by the side.

Dutch saw Laure's eyes flash as Hester came on deck, and the young man's veins tingled with rage.

But he was helpless, and could only obey. And besides, he felt that this was no time for annoyance coming to his young wife; so, exchanging glances with her, and trying to impart confidence in her breast, though he felt none, he prepared to go down.

But first he took one glance round at the beautiful sea and shore, and then, with the foreboding of coming danger on the increase, he assumed his helmet; it was roughly secured by Rasp; and he walked to the ladder at the side with the old fellow guiding him.

As he turned to place his feet on the steps, it might have been imagination, but certainly Rasp looked at him through the glass windows of the helmet in a peculiar way, and, more significant still, the young man felt the life-line thrust into his hand.

"Then there is danger," thought Dutch, as he lowered himself down, and his heart began to beat violently; but as his head disappeared beneath the surface of the water, and the old familiar sensations of diving were experienced, he began to smile at his terrors, and to accuse himself of want of manliness.

"Rasp's rough behavior is all a blind to throw dust in Laure's eyes, and the look and the significant placing of the life-line in my hands means that something is to take place to night."

He was convinced of this now, and reaching the bottom he took up an iron rod, and began to move slowly about over the rotten timbers that had been uncovered, and to probe and search in all directions.

The sand had been cleared out of the vessel all but amidships, and there they had at the first attempt come upon remains that showed how a large number of the crew must have been below deck when the ship sunk, and as the silver seemed to lie away from here, Dutch and Mr. Parkley had agreed to have the bones buried in the sand where they lay: but now that this imperative order had come from their taskmaster, Dutch took the piece of iron, and began to search with it by thrusting it down into the sand.

He shuddered as he did so, for he could feel that it certainly came in contact with buried bones, sometimes, by the feel, with a skull, and several times he left off with a shudder, resuming his task in a helpless way, and wondering whether success were to attend their effort, and when it would be made.

Just then the recollection of the rich treasure in gold that was known only to himself came to his mind, and he smiled as he thought of what would be Laure's feelings if he knew what had been left behind. And as he thought of this he thrust the iron rod down once more, and his heart began to beat again, for, unless he was much mistaken, there, beneath the remains of the former occupants of the galleon, lay such a receptacle as the one he had formerly found.

He probed again and again, making deep holes in the sand, which were filled up directly he withdrew the rod; and now, marking out the spot, he became convinced, not that it was gold, but that another goodly treasure of metal lay beneath the sand.

It was all plain enough—just a square receptacle, all metal, he believed gold, but certainly silver, was there; and as soon as he thrust the probe down outside that square it went down—down through wood and sand to any depth.

"It is another treasure of gold," exclaimed Dutch; and his words sounded strangely to him as they were spoken in the hollow of his helmet, and he paused to consider whether he should announce his discovery, or keep it secret like the last.

"It shall be a secret," he said. "We may live to survive this unfortunate voyage, and if we do, may come again, for here is what would recompense us for all our pains, and it is no uncertainty. No, there is the treasure, and——"

He signalled sharply for more air, looking up through the clear, bright sunlit water; and as he did so, feeling that the supply was stopped, he saw that the long india-rubber tube had been cut, and was sinking slowly towards him, like some strange gray snake.

CHAPTER XL.

DUTCH IN PERIL.

HESTER turned shuddering away as she saw Laure's eyes fixed upon her, and soon began to tremble as she recalled a previous occasion when, under a threat, the Cuban exacted a promise from her—one that, believing her husband's life at stake, she had given.

She tried to look in other directions, to devote herself to attending on poor, weak John Studwick, but it was impossible; and strive how she would, her attention was constantly drawn back to the Cuban, who, with a smile upon his lip, watched her anxiety, and horrified her by coming to where the tube ran from the air-pump over the side, and, picking it up, held it in his hand as he glanced at her white face.

Then he threw it down again, and turning to the men about him, spoke first to one and then to another, with the result that each of the scoundrels seemed placed upon his guard, and to be ready for any emergency.

Laure, according to his custom, was armed to the teeth, carrying quite a little arsenal in his belt; and after going round to the men, he advanced to where Rasp was standing.

"Is that fellow working well?" he said, aloud.

"Pretty well," growled Rasp, taking some snuff. "Getting a bit lazy, though. He don't work like he did when he was at it for himself."

Laure walked up and down the deck three or four times, and then stopped short by Hester, who shrank from his touch, as he laid his hand upon her arm.

"When is pretty Hester Pugh coming to make amends for all her coldness?" he said, with a malicious smile.

She did not speak, only cowered away, with her eyes fixed on his, like a bird beneath the glance of a snake.

"I say, when is pretty little Hester going to reward me for all my patience and perseverance?" he repeated. "No, no, don't run away, timidity! I am very dreadful, am I not? I am a terrible fellow to seize upon the ship, and make the scoundrels who tried to rob me work for my treasure. What, no answer?"

Hester could not have spoken had she wished, for her position seemed to paralyze her. An indignant word might cause the wretch who persecuted her to endanger once more her husband's life; and so she crouched there trembling.

The doctor and Captain Studwick were at the pumps, but she dare not appeal to them lest more mischief should befall; and hence she sat there trembling, feeling how thoroughly they were in the monster's power.

"She is coy and angry at our neglect," said Laure, sneeringly. "Well, well, we must excuse it, for we have been too busy even to think of love. Let us apologise, then, and say that we love her more than ever; and now that the work is nearly done, we are going to seek our reward henceforward here. Hester."

He laid his hand once more upon her arm, but she shrank shuddering away; and the Cuban walked angrily to the side, where, with the tube in his hand, he stood gazing down, and watching the action of Dutch as he moved from place to place, far below in the pure water.

He glanced round once, and saw that Hester, with dilated eyes, was watching his every movement; and feeling that he had, as it were, her heart-strings in his hand, he pretended to ignore her presence on the other side of the deck, and played with the tube that was the life of Dutch Pugh, now pinching it, or bending it so that the supply of air was slightly hindered when Rasp, unobserved, signalled to those at the air-pump with one hand, causing them to accelerate their toil and so keep up the supply.

Just then, though so weak that he could hardly walk, John Studwick crossed the deck. Beesy would have accompanied him, but he hoarsely told her to keep back, and so soft and slow was his step that he had his thin white hand upon the Cuban's arm before the latter was aware of his presence.

"You cowardly cur!" said John Studwick, glancing at him with his unnaturally bright eyes, and with his hollow cheeks burning with a hectic flush. "I can hardly think it possible that God can let such a villain live."

Laure started as if he had been stung, and his hand sought one of the pistols in his belt.

"Pistols, yes," said John Studwick. "But, pistols, or no pistols, if I had the strength of a man instead of being a helpless wreck, one of us should not leave this deck alive."

Captain Studwick and the doctor were intensely excited, but they dared not leave the air-pump lest the supply should fail for Dutch; but Mr. Wilson drew nearer, and stood with parted lips and trembling hands watching the scene, while some of the armed crew now began to take an interest in the affair.

"Go down to your berth—to your kennel—sick dog that you are," cried Laure, savagely, and he showed his white teeth like the animal he mentioned. "Speak to me like that again, and you shall not live long enough to see your pretty sister become my mistress, like Hester Pugh."

"You cowardly ruffian!" cried the young man, tottering on the brink of the grave as he was, and as he spoke he sprang at Laure's throat, clinging there with both hands, and in his surprise the Cuban staggered back. But only for a moment; the next, Laure had shaken him off and as the feeble man tottered away the ruffian drew a revolver, cocked it rapidly, and fired at the invalid as he fell.

The bullet flew up through the rigging, for Wilson struck up his arm, and Laure turned upon him savagely, while the captain and the doctor were starting from the air-pump to go to Wilson's aid when they were paralysed by a shout from Rasp.

"Pump, pump! or you'll kill Dutch Pugh."

Hester uttered a wild shriek, and the handles flew round again as she darted to the air pump, and, as if feeling that she could help her husband, seized the air-tube.

This cry and her act saved Wilson's life; for Laure, not a yard from him, was taking deadly aim at his head, his countenance bearing plainly stamped on it the determination to slay some one. Seeing Hester's act, then, he lowered the pistol, stuck it in his belt, and, as if the opportunity had come, and an excuse for revenge, he drew the keen sword he carried, and with one cut divided the tube as it lay upon the deck.

Hester uttered another cry, and then stood like the rest, paralyzed, as the tube writhed like a living creature, undulated, and then rapidly ran over the side, when the woman's whole nature seemed changed. From a gentle, timid, shrinking creature she was transformed into one reckless of life and free from fear; and, throwing herself upon Laure, she caught the sword by the hilt, and tried to wrest it from his hand, while he, astonished at the change, gave way.

The cutting of the tube had set the two men free, or it would have gone hard with Hester. Captain Studwick flew to her help, armed with an iron screw-hammer that he had caught up, while the doctor seized a lever, and ran to assist; but only to receive a call from Laure, his men closed in, and the struggle became general.

CHAPTER XLI.

RASP'S PLANS.

DUTCH PUGH'S doom was not sealed, for, as he was struggling on, holding his breath, and trying to reach the ladder and climb up before he should become senseless, there came help.

It was Laure's act, he knew, and even in those excited moments he could tell that here was the meaning of the forebodings he had felt, and the thought of Hester left in the villain's power half-maddened him, as his temples throbbed, his senses began to reel, and he staggered, and felt that something was holding him back from the haven of safety he sought to reach.

Pleasant old memories began to float before his vision—days when he had wandered with Hester through the sunny country lanes, and she confessed her love for him; and all seemed bright and beautiful. He was in no pain, and he only knew that he had just reached the ladder, and was trying to ascend, when a dark cloud floated before his eyes—a cloud of dark-red blood, and then there was a shock and a concussion, and he knew no more.

The shock was the jerking of the life-rope, and the concussion was his helmet striking against the side of the ladder; for as the struggle went on, Rasp gave the word to Oakum and Pollo, they hauled together, and in spite of the weight, ran Dutch up to the side in a few moments, dragged him through the gangway, and as he lay on the deck, Rasp rapidly stooped down, and turning a screw, threw open one of the plate glass eyes of the helmet.

"Further this way," whispered Rasp again, and, Oakum stooping down with him, they dragged the senseless man along the deck, away from the struggle that was going on.

At the end of two or three minutes, Oakum and Rasp, who felt that the time was not ripe, and that any attempt at resistance on their part would have resulted, as they were unarmed, in failure, saw the captain, Mr. Meldon, and Wilson driven below, Mr. Parkley, in his cumbersome diving suit, being thrust down directly after: and then the conquerors turned towards John Studwick, who was lying panting where he had been dashed, with his sister holding his head in her lap, while Hester had run to the side of her husband.

Old Rasp ground his teeth as, at the Cuban's orders, the invalid was roughly raised by the men, in spite of Beesy's shrieks, dragged from her, and thrown down the hatchway, while Beesy was dragged to the fore cabin and thrust down there.

"I'm a saving of all this up, Sam Oakum," whispered Rasp. "I shall pay it all off on Mr. Blackguard there some day."

"Some night," whispered Sam Oakum back in a choking voice, "and that's to-night."

"What did you drag that dog here for?" cried the Cuban, now coming up, sword in hand, and making a cut at the prostrate figure, as Hester tried to relieve Dutch of his helmet.

"Here, mind what you're after," said Rasp, snappishly, warding off the blow with an iron bar. "Don't be a fool. 'Spose you spyle that injy-rubber soot, how are we going to get another?"

The Cuban turned upon him furiously; but as the quaint old fellow seemed not in the least afraid, he turned it off with a laugh.

"What did I pull him up for, eh?" said Rasp.

"Why, becos I haven't done with him. I haven't forgot my per centage on the silver, captain, and this one's worth half-a-dozen of that t'other old chap."

"You're a strange fellow, Rasp," said the Cuban.

"Strange, am I? I've been a diver this forty year a'most, and I've never had such diving as this afore. It's too 'good to be spyled because you get wild, so now then."

"You're right, Rasp," said the Cuban, laughing, as Hester darted an indignant look at the gruff and apparently heartless old fellow. "Here, a couple of you, throw this dog down the cabin."

As a couple of the men approached, the Cuban took a turn up and down the deck, and Hester started at Rasp, while apparently leaning over the helmet, whispered—

"Don't you resist, my pretty one, but go as he tells you, there's help a-coming."

Laure turned sharply back, stooped down and caught the trembling woman by the wrist.

"Enough of this," he exclaimed, sharply, for one peculiarity about the man was that every time he was about to proceed to some act of violence he worked himself into a rage. "You come to me now."

Hester hung back from him and tried to cling to her prostrate husband, but remembering the words of old Rasp, she suffered Laure to lead her forward.

"That's more sensible," he said, with a look that made her shrink. "To morrow we will change cabins with those aft."

He led her to the hatch, down which Beesy had been thrust, and ordered her to descend, which she did after a trembling glance at her husband, who still lay insensible, but with Rasp and Oakum bending over him; and the next moment, finding that she was evidently in the part that the Cuban had had furnished for his own use, and beyond which was his little sleeping cabin, she was clasped in Beesy Studwick's arms.

"Why have you not thrown that dog overboard or below?" cried the Cuban, returning to where Dutch lay.

"Don't you be in such a 'nation hurry," growled Rasp. "I'm not going to have my helmets and diving tackle misused by nobody. These things may be worth fifty thousands pounds yet, and if they're bruised or have holes broke in 'em, how are we to get 'em mended?"

As he spoke, Rasp, with Oakum's help, dragged off the india-rubber suit, and removed the helmet very carefully.

"There," he said, "now you can have him; and none of your pitching him down like you did the others. He's valuable he is."

The Cuban kicked the senseless man brutally as he lay, and two of the sailors taking him by the legs and arms, he was dragged to the hatch, and then drawn heavily down the stairs.

"If I don't warm the wax out of that fellow's ear for this, Sam Oakum, my name aint Rasp," said the old fellow, laughing to himself. "I want one of these here diving boots very perticklar, my friend, indeed. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Right," said Oakum, in a low voice. "To night, mind."

"Oakum," said the Cuban, sharply; and the old sailor faced round, wondering whether he had been heard, while Rasp went on mending and arranging his diving tackle a if nothing was the matter.

"Sir, to you," said Sam.

"I shall sail to night or to-morrow morning; have all ready."

"Ah, ay, sir," said Sam, cheerfully; and then, to himself, "perhaps you will, and for a longish voyage."

"We've got all the silver here, and I think I shall try one more spot."

"All right, cap'n," said Sam; "nothing like having a good cargo while you're about it."

"Have all ready," said the Cuban, gloomily.

"Right, cap'n," said Sam, "but—"

"Well, what?" said the Cuban, looking sharply round as if in search of danger; but the shore was on every side verdant and beautiful, the sea calm and bright, and nothing to show the horror of the ship but a few spots of blood upon the white deck.

"I was only going to say as if I was skipper I should put off the start till the morning."

"Why?" said the Cuban, looking at him searchingly.

"The sun'll be down afore we could work out of this snug place so as to ketch the breeze, and there's a rock there, and a rock here, and a couple more to starboard, and three off yonder to port. I shouldn't like to take off a bit of the schooner's keel, or poke a hole in her bottom with all that silver aboard. A man likes to obey orders, capen; but when he's got a stake in the safe running of the cargo, it makes him perticklar like."

"You're right," said the Cuban. "At daybreak, then."

"Daybreak it is," said Sam, giving his trousers a hitch; and taking out a little silver pipe, he blew a shrill note. "All hands ahoy!" he roared, and as the men collected, he set to work clearing away the lumber, coiling ropes ship shape, hoisted a boat that had been down over the side, and then altered his mind and had it lowered again. "We shall want it for towing her head round in the morning," he said, and so busied himself as to have everything well forward, while the Cuban looked on with an approving eye.

"You shan't be forgotten for all this, Sam Oakum," he said.

"Thanky, capen, thanky," said Sam, as the Cuban walked forward, and the old sailor filled a pipe for an extra luxury, just as it was getting dark.

"Here, you black-faced son of a coal hole, give's a light," cried Sam, loudly, as he went to the galley where Pollo was busy preparing tea for all on board.

"Yes, Mass Oakum," said the black, flinching from a blow aimed at him as he spoke; when, to the poor fellow's horror, Sam seized him by the scruff of the neck, pushing his head into an open barrel, and whispered—

"Don't you make a sound, Pollo, old man. It's all my larks. Don't laugh, you lubber, but get your biggest carving knife, and hide here in the middle watch; there's a game on, my lad, and I want you to help retake the ship."

"Oh, golly, Mass Oakum, sah, dat I will; I bress de Lor', you not big ruffyun after all. I bress de Lor'."

"Hush! hold your tongue, lad. Mum's the word. Now then, you black nigger, look alive with that grub," he said aloud. "I'm most starving."

He came out puffing away at his pipe as the Cuban came slowly along the deck, looking suspiciously at Sam, who, however, did not seem to heed his look, but fixing himself on the bulwark, with his legs under him, and his arm round one of the shrouds, he half shut his eyes, and smoked away as if with real enjoyment, blinking at the shore, and all the while ripening his plans for the fierce work to be undertaken that night.

CHAPTER XLII.

PRISONERS.

IN the meantime, to Hester's horror, she found that they were to be prisoners in Laure's cabin, and that the drunken scoundrel who shared it with him kept coming down, blinking and leering at them, making their very blood run cold.

His offensive manner was, however, for the time stopped by the Cuban, who came down, and, pointing to the inner cabin, bade them go in there.

Their only course was to obey; and the two trembling women crouched together, dreading the coming night, and yet hoping that some successful effort would be made for their release.

"Let us hope and pray, Bessy," said Hester, trying to be cheerful, in spite of her misery. "Dear old Rasp's words were not without meaning."

"But is he to be trusted?" sobbed Bessy. "He was with our enemies."

"Trusted? yes," cried Hester. "His behavior must have been to deceive the wretches, and he and Oakum are working for our release."

"If I could only be as hopeful as you are, Hester!"

"I am full of hope now," cried Hester. "I can wait, and feel strong and full of energy, with my husband's trust. Time back, I could have died in my misery."

As the hours passed on, they could hear the Cuban and his companion talking in the next cabin, and the clink of glasses told that they were drinking.

All on deck was very still. They had heard the sounds of preparation till nightfall, and then everything became very quiet; and, clinging together, the two women sat, with every sense on the strain, listening for the danger they knew to be at hand, while they hoped for the rescue that might come.

It grew rapidly dark, and their cabin was only lit by the gleams that came beneath and through a few ventilation holes in the door, a glance through which, once timidly taken, showed the Cuban drinking heavily with his companion, who grew more stupid and riotous, while the only effect upon Laure was to make his eyes glow as he sat glancing from time to time at the door.

Every now and then, too, some allusions to the prisoners made the women's hearts palpitate with horror; and more than once Hester glanced at the little window as if through that she might seek for the help that was so long in coming, for that, she knew, would be protection from the outrage she dreaded for them both.

Neither spoke now of their fear, but clung the closer as they listened, till suddenly they heard Laure rise and go on deck, when their breathing became more even, and they sighed with relief.

But hardly had the Cuban's foot left the steps, when his companion raised his head from the table where he had been simulating sleep, and glancing round for a moment, he rose and came to the inner cabin door, opened it, and thrust in his head.

"Come here, my birdie," he said, thickly. "One of you has got to be my wife; and let's see, you're the captain's," he continued, with a hoarse laugh, and he thrust Hester aside and caught Bessy in his arms, holding her tightly in spite of the struggle, till she uttered a long and piercing shriek.

The next moment there was a rapid step on the stairs, and the Cuban rushed savagely into the cabin, sword in hand.

He made for the ruffian who held Bessy, but as soon as he realized whom the scoundrel had, he uttered a hoarse laugh, and, as if incited by his companion's example, he threw the sword upon the table, and caught Hester in his arms.

For a few moments she struggled hard, but her strength failed; and, as she felt how powerless she was becoming, she tried to shriek; but, as if prepared for this, Laure, laughing, placed one hand upon her lips, while the other clasped her to him so tightly that she could not move.

Just then, however, Bessy, who had been struggling long and bravely with her assailant, uttered a series of piercing screams, freed herself from his grasp, and, half mad with fear and horror, threw her arms round Hester.

"Curse you, you noisy jade!" cried the Cuban, furiously; and he struck her brutally across the mouth with the back of his hand, as he released Hester, who sank shivering on the cabin floor.

"Here, come away now," cried the Cuban, sharply; and thrusting the other before him, he hurried out and secured the door, leaving the two prisoners sobbing in each other's arms, while the light through the holes in the door streamed in long rays above their heads.

Hester was the first to recover herself, and she rose and tried to comfort her stricken companion, than whom now she seemed to be far the stronger in spirit.

"Help must come soon, Bessy," she whispered. "They will have heard our screams."

"It would be better to die," sobbed Bessy. "There is no hope—no hope whatever."

"What!" cried Hester. "No hope? And with my brave, true husband on board? I tell you help will come, and soon."

"When it's too late," sobbed Bessy. "Those wretches will be back soon."

"Hush! listen," whispered Hester; and she stole to the door to peep through one of the holes, and saw the drunken ruffian sitting there with his head down upon the table, apparently asleep.

The Cuban had evidently gone on deck, and, nerved now to take some desperate course, Hester stole back to where Bessy crouched.

"Get up—quickly," she whispered. "We must escape from the place now."

"But where—where—unless overboard!" wailed Bessy.

"To the deck—to the other cabin. They will fight for us. Dutch will save us from another such outrage as this."

Bessy rose up directly; endeavored to be firm; but she tottered, and had to cling to the slighter woman.

They stood by the door while Hester tried it, but their hearts sank as they found that they were more of prisoners than they imagined, for the door was fastened on the outside, while, to make their position more painful, there were no means of securing it on the inner side.

All seemed very still; so still in fact, that they could hear plainly the heavy breathing of the ruffian who was sleeping there alone; and as they stood trembling and listening, it seemed as if a light step was coming down the cabin stairs.

It came so cautiously and steadily that they did not dare to move lest they should not hear it. For a moment Hester was tempted to change her position, and gazed at the door; but a slight clicking noise arrested her, and she remained listening, and hopefully wondering whether this could be some of the promised help.

All was silent again for a time, and then there was another strange click, and something fell upon the floor, as if a sword had been knocked down.

This was followed by a sharp rustling noise, and the sleeping ruffian rose up, growled loudly, pushed the lamp on one side, so that it creaked over the table, and then seemed to lay his head down again, and began to breathe heavily.

A minute or two, that seemed an hour, passed away, and still the two women listened, feeling certain that help was coming, especially as the rustling noise once more commenced; and then, as they waited longingly for the unfastening of their prison door, they plainly heard the Cuban's step on the deck.

In a moment or two, Laure began to descend.

Their hearts sank as they heard him coming, and they shrank away from the door.

It was now evidently long past midnight, and as soon as Laure was left alone, Hester and her companion began to tremble once more for their fate.

The Cuban was evidently restless and uneasy, for he kept getting up and walking to the stairs and listening, as if in doubt; but as an hour glided by, and all seemed perfectly still, he remained longer in his seat, and at last, as Hester watched him, she saw his glance turned towards the inner cabin, and to her horror he rose, and, with a peculiar smile upon his face, came and laid his hand upon the lock of the door.

The supreme moment seemed to have come, and, with her heart beating furiously, Hester made up her mind to make one more effort to reach the deck, shouting the while for help, and then, if no other help came, she told herself that she could seek it in the sea.

Her hands clasped those of Bessy's for a moment convulsively, and then dropping them, she stood upon her guard, as the lock was shot back, the door was flung open, and in an instant Laure caught her in his arms, when, as her lips failed to utter a shriek, there was a heavy fall on deck, the noise of feet hurrying to and fro, a crash, and with an oath Laure rushed across the cabin, and Hester staggered back trembling into Bessy's arms.

"What does it mean?" the latter whispered, hoarsely.

"Help, at last," panted Hester, as the noise on deck increased. Shots were fired, there was another heavy fall, and the clashing together of steel, followed by the voice of Laure calling to his men to come on.

Before they dared to hope for safety, Dutch literally leaped down into the cabin, with a cutlass in his hand, followed by Mr. Meldon, both men pale with excitement, and stained with blood.

"Quick!" cried Dutch, catching his wife by one hand—"the scoundrels may prove too many for us."

"Bessy, darling," whispered Mr. Meldon, hoarsely; and for a moment he folded her in his arms, before leading her hastily on deck after Dutch, who had already hurried Hester below into the main cabin.

Bessy followed her on the instant, and the two men rushed forward again to where a desperate fight was going on, which resulted in Laure and his party being driven below, but not until some severe wounds had been given on either side.

But the fighting was not yet over. The enemy began firing through the bulkheads, and the women and poor John Studwick had to be got on deck from the cabin, where they had been placed for safety.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SAM OAKUM'S NARRATIVE.

AFTER a terrible set-out that we had with the diving, and all sorts of troubles and horrors, I got to think that we must not wait any longer, and I told Rasp so, meaning to warn them below; and this I did—for I pitched a bullet down into the cabin, wrapped in a bit of paper, and on that bit of paper was written "To-night."

"Now, if they're the chaps I take 'em for," I said, "they'll have pistols loaded and cutlasses ready for action." But, leaving that to the skipper and Mr. Pugh for their part, I warned Rolls and Lennie. I'd also a chance of warning Rasp; so all I had to do was to warn poor old Pollo, which I did, just after that ill looking, bloodthirsty villian of a yaller Cuban had said that he'd have the ship took somewhere else.

I wanted to get down to the cabin again; for the rascal had now took it into his head to shut those two poor women up there, and I felt that it was indeed time to act so as to save them. How to get down again, though, this time, after the troubles and escapes I had last, I hardly knew; but still I had to risk it, like a man.

"I may try the same dodge again," I said, "if that beauty's down there half drunk, and I will."

I'd been saving up on purpose; and as soon as it was dark that night, and just before they set the watch, I put two good big bottles of rum where I thought they would find them, and then waited to see.

All things turned out just as I could have wished; for going by an hour after, I could tell by the chatter going on that the three chaps were at the rum, which they supposed to have been left by mistake by those who had the watch the night before. Some of the chaps were carousing in the fore cuddy, were they could easily be boxed up, and the others were all card playing in the skipper's cabin.

It seemed almost a hopeless case, now it was come to the point, but I felt that making up one's mind was half the battle, and I was up now, and meant to do or die.

Rolls and Lennie were on deck, and knew their parts well enough; one to manage the chap at the wheel; t'other to shut up the party in the fore cuddy; I meaning to secure the cabin-hatch; and then I thought if that was done, we should have time to settle and lash the watch, who ought to be half-drunk, leaving our hands free to keep those quiet who would be trying to get out of the cabin.

You see, my plans was to get Mr. Pugh up through the hole I made in my fall, if I could get the fellow away who was stationed there. And here it was that I trusted to the rum; for before now Laure had been content to have a chap at the cabin door, leaving the watch to make sure the prisoners did not get on deck.

I was about right; for we three had not been squatting long under the bulwarks before one of the watch calls out "Harry!" and the sentry fellow goes to where they were busy with the rum. The next moment I was at the broken skylight, and whispered down the one word, "Tools;" for I was afraid them playing in the other cabin might hear.

Mr. Dutch was ready; and the next moment I was under the bulwark again with the arms the doctor had passed up; and we three had each a pistol in our belts and a cutlass in our hands before the sentry chap came back—Rolls having his knife, and ready for anything.

The night was not so dark as I could have wished; but it was dark enough for us, and, as I expected, the sentry couldn't resist the smell of that rum, and in a very few minutes he was along with the others again, and did not seem disposed to come back. So now seeming to be my time, I said the word. Rolls crept off one way, Lennie the other, with their orders that there was to be no bloodshed, only for a last resource. Then I went to the skylight, keeping the side nearest the cabin hatch, when I turned cold all over; for I heard Laure's cough, and he came up the steps as if to look out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Cleveland (Ohio) Leader says: "Yesterday the men engaged in cleaning Monumental Park of the debris and rubbish, while taking down the sparrows' nests in the trees came across one in which they found a $5 note neatly woven. The money was crumpled, but good, and the half dozen workmen quietly 'divided' and went into the work with renewed zeal, expecting to find a few more bills hidden away somewhere in the nests. Strange to say, they found a lady's fine gold chain in another, and a number of other curiosities of less value."

MR. DE HALILLAND, the herald of York, who, with Cockayne, the herald of Lancaster, preceded the procession at the marriage of the Duke of Connaught in painted tabard and introduced the several files of royalty, is a son of the late Mr. de Haviland, a well known Philadelphia architect. He was a lively member of Washington society some years ago, but became a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, and abandoned himself to heraldry. The family came from England and settled in this city.

King Humbert has signed a decree, commuting the death sentence of Giovanni Passananto, who attempted to assassinate the King on the 17th of November last, to penal servitude for life.

A WOMAN'S HAND.

BY J. H. B

All day long there has haunted me
A spectre out of my dreary past land,
Because I happened last night to see
A woman's beautiful snow-white hand.

Like part of a statue broken away,
And carefully kept in a velvet case,
On the crimson rim of her box it lay,
The folds of the curtain hid her face

Years had drifted between us two:
In another clime, in another land
We had met and parted. Yet I knew
The faultless beauty of that fair hand.

The ringless beauty of fingers fine—
The sea-shell tint of their taper tips—
The sight stirred my blood like wine,
Oh, to press them again to my lips—

To feel their tender touch on my hair,
Their [illegible] gold
Oh for I espied [illegible]
With a cloudless sky, and a sun of gold.

But the sun has set, and the clouds of night
Shadow a world no longer fair.
Why did I see that hand of white,
Like a marble monument lying there!

The Spanish Tutor.

BY W. B.

"PARDON me, Miss Ward, but have you seen Ellie lately?"

"She is on the balcony at this moment. Even now I think I hear her voice."

"A noble match," the belle said to her companion, as the figure of the questioner vanished among the many guests of the evening."

"And so devoted! When shall we have the pleasure of attending the happy event? The engagement has been announced, I suppose?"

"Only by rumor," was the reply; "but as a matter of course we all take it for granted."

'Certainly," and the speaker smiled as he bowed. "Yes, he has found his *fiancee*. I hear them conversing out on the balcony now."

But Grace Ward and her male companion could not see the lovers standing face to face on the trellissed balcony that overlooked the moonlit waves, or hear the conversation that was passing between them.

Edward Oland did not find Ellie Ford alone.

Expecting to find her unengaged, he had stepped out boldly upon the balcony, but only to start suddenly back, and, with a blanched face begin to retreat into the room.

"No, no, come on" said a woman's voice, and the young man advanced again as the lady's companion stepped almost sullenly aside.

"You are hunting me?" the young girl said, half interrogatively when her lover stood before her.

"Yes, but—"

"I am ready," was the reply; "but permit me one word with my friend."

Edward Oland glanced at the man, upon whose face a ray of moonlight, struggling through the leaves, fell.

It was a cold, clear cut face, but almost fiendishly beautiful. The dark eyes flashed, and the hand that rested upon the railing was white and small

In that moment of silence the eyes of the two men met.

"Ellie, who is that man?"

Edward Oland was looking at the stranger when the question addressed to the fair girl fell from his lips.

"My friend, Mr. De Hijo, from the Indies."

"De Hijo!" repeated the young man, in a tone that reached the stranger's ears, and caused him to start as if suddenly stung by madness. "And you were talking to him here—alone?"

"We were alone," answered the girl, as if she had intended not to yield an inch to her angry suitor. "We were all alone here, and had been some ten minutes prior to your arrival. You do not seem to be acquainted, and as you are my friends—"

"Friends? Is he yours?"

"He is."

The girl was not yielding.

"Then we are not—that is all!"

He released her arm, without another word turned away, and strode towards the sea.

He stood a full minute at the bounds of the crested billows before a word fell from his lips.

"I've played the fool!" he said, like a man mad with himself. "The consummate donkey! What did I say to her—Ellie? What? They were the words of a madman—a dolt. But that man? No, I will not go back. She said that he was her friend, and persisted So let it be."

He was getting angry again.

Good resolves were rapidly disappearing before the return of spleen, and all at once the young man waved his hand towards the embowered spot which he had lately left, and uttered one word:

"Never!"

He stood a while longer on the beach, and when he crossed the threshold, the storm of passion, to all outward appearances, had passed away.

It was a long time after midnight when the gay assemblage showed signs of breaking up.

One by one Ellie Ford saw her guests depart, and a very few noticed that Oland tore himself away without so much as a parting adieu.

The gorgeous home of his *fiancee* seemed an accursed habitation, the presence of one man had poured gall into his heart, and he hated himself for loving the pure and lovely girl to whom he had talked so madly.

"That man to stand near her with his contaminated presence, to look into her eyes and be styled a friend by her! What if I should tell her where I have encountered him, the dark skinned Spanish adventurer? Well, well, let it be. Perhaps it were better thus."

Still smarting with anger, the young man entered a carriage and was carried to the hotel where he had domiciled himself, some weeks before.

The public room was filled with gentlemen from different parts of the world, and Edward Oland was passing through the crowd to the stairs. He had resolved to find repose in sleep.

But a man had caught sight of him, and the next moment his name, with a foreign accent, greeted his ears.

Stung at once by the voice, which he instantly recognized, Oland stopped and looked at the man before him. It was De Hijo.

The Spaniard's eyes were not flashing with anger, but there was a look or plea for argument in them; the other did not wait to fathom it.

"I did not want to meet you!" he cried, in a voice which instantly attracted the attention of a number of bystanders "I have not sought you out. We have met once before to night. Let this be the proof of our second meeting. There!"

There was a blow straight from the shoulder, and the man called De Hijo fell to the floor.

"Gentlemen, if he wants satisfaction send for me," young Oland said, coolly surveying the wonder struck faces that surrounded him, and, without another word, passed upstairs to his room.

Speculation immediately ran high.

The Spaniard was raised from the floor, and returned to consciousness; but he sullenly refused to throw a single ray of light upon the difference that apparently existed between the two.

The angry man was left to himself through the night, and, rising early, he found a waiter the sole occupant of the public room.

"A strong blow and a good one," said that important hotel dignitary, with an appreciative wink "But you must have been provoked to strike Miss Ford's singing master"

Young Oland instantly became a statue of amazement

"Her what?"

"Spanish singing master; came yesterday; but doesn't he looking rakish for a professor?"

"Herbert, there must be some mistake here"

"No mistake, sir. We don't like the fellow; and if he wern't Miss Ford's tutor, his feet had never crossed the threshold of this place"

Oland did not reply, but fell into a reverie, from which the voice of the waiter called him.

"You look like a madman," he said.

"Or like a fool," was the rejoinder; "her Spanish music-master? Why, I saw that fellow before a court, four years since, charged with robbery, with good prospects of ending his days in penal servitude. I helped to prosecute the case, but a despatch called me away before the end of the trial. And now he is here giving that woman lessons in music. I was mad last night. I never gave her a moment for explanation; but went off like a torpedo. Where is De Hijo?"

"Left last night; he seems to have a mortal dread of you."

The young lawyer smiled, and with a broad grin on his countenance left the hotel

Not long afterwards a servant ushered him into the house, which he had quitted a few hours before, in a passion.

The heavy curtains darkened the windows, and he was almost hidden among the shadows that lay about the crimson sofa into which he had flung himself.

He knew not why he was there; but something, nevertheless, had forced him thither, and he had forgotten, or was trying to forget, that two persons had said "never" in the darkness of the night just fled.

All at once his ear caught the sound of approaching steps, and, like a guilty man, he rose to greet the comer.

There was no door to open, for the portals already stood wide, and the queenly figure of a young girl crossed the threshold

She was advancing across the room as if to draw the curtains aside and flood the room with morning light, when he threw himself before her.

"No light," he said, almost sternly; "hear me in the shadows. Ellie, I played the fool last night. One minute a madness hath wrought hours of pain. I did not know that he—"

"Was my Spanish tutor."

And there was a latent merriment in her tone.

"No! else I should not have knocked him down."

"And you did that?"

"Yes."

"No more than he deserved, for he has stolen papa's gold spectacles. I have played the dunce, not you. I tried to be unbending, and in my madness my 'never' went down to yours. Forgive me, and let us be friends, if not lovers."

The light saw not what pledge of love followed these words, but the canary that swung in his golden cage overheard, but did not understand.

The new Spanish tutor did not return; but the young couple have often thanked him for being the innocent cause of a minute's madness

THE EMERALD.

THE Spaniards obtained large hoards of emeralds after the conquest of Peru, for the priests of the goddess whom the Spaniards called Esmeralda, and who was supposed to reside in an enormous emerald of the shape and size of an ostrich egg, gave out that she esteemed no offering so much as one of her own daughters. The king of Spain is said to have received one hundred weight, but many were destroyed on account of the Peruvian priest who accompanied the Spanish army persuading the soldiers that the test of their genuineness was to smite them with a hammer on an anvil. The emerald is of the same chemical composition as the beryl, or aqua marine, which is of little value. When first withdrawn from the mine it is so soft as to crumble by friction, but it hardens by exposure to air. It is so rarely perfect, that 'an emerald without a flaw' has passed into a proverb The ancients dedicated the emerald to Mercury, and supposed it to be good for the eyes.

The deep green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend.

The lapidaries who cut the stone were thought to possess, in consequence a good eyesight. Nero observed the feats of the gladiators through an eyeglass of emerald, and the gem was therefore sometimes called Neronianus, a name continued as late as the close of the fourth century. The huge emeralds made into cups and dishes, that are mentioned by the ancients, are supposed to have been green fluor spar, or composed of a kind of glass. The Cingalese anxiously seek after the thick bottoms of our wine bottles, and cut out of them apparently fine emeralds, which they dispose of at high prices. The Brighton emeralds, of England, are of a like origin The broken bottles, thrown purposely into the sea by the lapidaries of the place, are by the attrition of the shingle speedily converted into the form of natural pebbles.

THE disinfection of letters containing paper money during the height of the Russian plague panic was effected on the Prussian border by exposing them for six hours in a peculiarly constructed closed vessel to the fumes of sulphuric acid. It was not considered necessary to open or puncture the letters, since it was proved by experiment that the vapor of the acid penetrates pores of paper, however firmly made. In the laboratory of the Berlin Board of Health, blue litmus paper, enclosed in four thicknesses of paper, and in several envelopes tightly compressed, was intensely reddened by being subjected to the fumes of this acid.

A BIRD OF STRANGE USES.—There is a curious bird in India known as the "glow-worm bird," from its habit of gathering luminous insects, as some suppose, for the purpose of lighting its nest. Sir William Jones says that it is easily tamed, and may be taught to fetch and carry like a dog. Drop a ring into a well and the bird will, upon a given signal, dart after it, seize it before it reaches the water, and bear it with exultation to its master. It can also be taught to carry notes from one house to another.

THE railroad on the ice across the Missouri river at Bismarck has floated away. During the last day of its use it was from one to three feet under water, and big chunks of ice were sweeping over it, but trains of freight cars, bearing material for the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad, were hurried over up to the last possible moment. The last locomotive to cross was careened by the moving and sinking of the ice, and the fire was extinguished by the water.

WHEN the Russian female doctors who heroically served as army surgeons in Turkey during the last Turco-Russian war, returned to their country, they found that the opposition to their admission to regular medical practice had disappeared. They are now officially employed, on an equal footing with other members of the faculty, in many hospitals, and in different provincial districts.

Scientific and Useful.

SYMPATHETIC INKS.—Certain albumenoid, mucilaginous and saccharine vegetable juices make excellent sympathetic inks; among the best are the juices of lemon, orange, apple and pear

CHEAP DISINFECTANT.—A tablespoonful of turpentine added to a pail of water will disinfect a cesspool instantly, and in the sick-chamber will prove a auxiliary against germs and bad odors.

PROTECTION AGAINST MOTHS.—Housekeepers should know that a small piece of paper or linen, moistened with spirits of turpentine and put into a chest of drawers or wardrobe for a single day two or three times a year, is a preservative against moths.

BROWN BREAD.—Good brown bread supplies in itself the nourishing properties of many kinds of food. It combines albumen, fibrine, gluten, and phosphate of lime; it makes bone, muscle, blood, and tissue. The wandering Arab lives almost entirely upon such bread, with a few dates as a relish—and this not because meat is scarce in this part of the world, but because he feels no need for it.

OATMEAL AND THE TEETH.—It has long been noted that in countries where oatmeal and not fine flour is not in general use children are and men will be found with the best-developed teeth and jaws; and so well-recognized is the influence of oatmeal upon the teeth that many practitioners order its use as an article of daily diet for children in cases where dentition is likely to be retarded or imperfect.

MINERAL WAX.—The great deposit of mineral wax, or native paraffine, lately discovered in Southern Utah, is described as occupying an area of sixty miles long by thirty feet thick. It contains more or less clay in seams and layers, but this is greatly eliminated by melting. It is quite black in the mass, but the sections are translucent. The quantity is said to be enormous; so great, indeed, that it cannot be controlled by any individual or company, but must prove a source of wealth to whole communities.

OIL AND COMBUSTION.—It is now known that if oils are mixed with sawdust, textile materials, etc., so as to be exposed to the atmosphere in thin films, oxygen is rapidly absorbed, the temperature of the mass rises, and, under favorable circumstances, actual ignition may ensue. The effect varies greatly with the kind of oil used. Olive oil has been [illegible] and linseed oil [illegible] are the most so—while [illegible] are supposed to hold an intermediate position.

EXPERIMENT WITH LIGHT.—A French scientist has invented a neat experiment with light waves. He takes a tube of any material one or two inches in diameter and fourteen or more inches long, on one of the ends he pastes a piece of [illegible] paper, through which [illegible] a piece of looking glass not above one eighth of an inch square with the reflecting side facing outward. Next, [illegible] to the sun light, the open end of the tube is put in the mouth and [illegible] in such a manner that the rays of light reflected may fall upon the wall or on a sheet of paper. If the operator then speaks or sings in the tube the regular motion of the ray of light presents very pleasing and regular designs, differing only according to the intensity of the sound.

Farm and Garden.

RICH YIELD OF MILK.—If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk give your cow every day water slightly warm, and slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water

SLUGS IN GARDENS.—To clear a garden of slugs place a few cabbage leaves of fresh brewers' grains about the garden on a mild, damp evening, about six o'clock, and about nine go round with a bucket of fresh lime and dust each heap

CHLORIDE OF LIME AS AN INSECTICIDE.—Rats, mice, and insects will at once desert ground on which a [illegible] chloride of lime has been sprinkled Plants may be protected from insects by drenching their stems with a solution of it.

POULTRY FOR THE TABLE.—The Asiatics and Cochins make heavy market chickens, and are desirable for eating. Hamburgs are good [illegible] Dorkings are [illegible]. The Plymouth Rocks have more breast than other varieties, and are round and plump

THE BURDOCK.—After many experiments a certain and speedy remedy for burdocks has been discovered in kerosene oil. A small quantity poured into the hearts of the plants, directly after cutting, leaves no trace of their existence save a small hole in the earth where they stood.

CROPS AND SOIL.—A crop of three hundred bushels of potatoes per acre removes about one hundred and eighty pounds of mineral matters, of which about one half consists of potash and one ninth part of phosphoric acid. Cereal crops remove only about eighty five pounds of mineral matter per acre, of which ten or twelve pounds consist of potash and fourteen or fifteen pounds of phosphoric acid.

SUGAR FROM CORN.—It is said there is a new [illegible] process through which sugar of the best quality can be made out of corn. Every one must have observed the sweetness of our common corn, owing to the sugar contained in it, but until now no one has found out a process whereby this sugar can be economically extracted from the grain. By this discovery it is said that a thousand pounds of sugar can be [illegible] from the corn grown on a single acre, which, of course, would give the farmer far better returns than he now obtains from that crop or indeed from almost any other now grown

TASTE IN ORNAMENTAL TREE PLANTING.—As a rule never plant a large, dark evergreen in front of, and very near, a brilliant light colored, deciduous tree, for thus planted it will dwarf and weaken the effect of the latter. On some lawns, however, a few massive dark evergreens may be used with effect in the extreme, and, if possible, northwest corner of the lot. They will protect and give character to the place, and heighten the effect of the deciduous trees. A striking contrast may be obtained by [illegible] a few white birches among and in front of these evergreens. They will serve in this case to bright en the picture both winter and summer—though usually we prefer not to mix evergreen and deciduous trees.

Our Young Folks.

THE CHILDREN'S PETITION.

BY I. D. A.

I PROPOSE to tell you here of the fate of a merchant of Zurich. In the summer of the year 1799 the Austrians had marched from the Lake of Constance to Zurich, and had driven the French by storm out of the town.

It can be easily imagined that many horrible deeds were committed, and one of these happened in the house of the honest and thriving merchant, Adam Zollinger.

He had been pointed out to a band of soldiers as "a patriot and friend to the French;" so without wasting time in asking for admission, they pressed into his house, and quickly emptied his well-stored shop.

Herr Zollinger saw that in this case might made right; but he possessed one treasure in his house which he determined at all costs to defend from the wild soldiers. With a drawn sword he placed himself before the door of the room in which his wife and children were entreating the help of God.

"Steal my possessions," cried the merchant to the band of plunderers, "if your consciences will allow you, and you fear no Judge; but if any living man enters this room he will do so over my corpse."

The soldiers seemed to have no great desire to test the strength of the powerful man's arm, and quite indifferent to conscience and justice, they hurried away laden with spoil.

Herr Zollinger, however, after he had looked into the amount of the mischief done, did not feel inclined to suffer such an injury in silence.

He knew that the Imperial Commander-in-chief, the Archduke Charles, was an honest justice-loving man, and he determined to ask his assistance.

The headquarters were at that time a few miles distant, but his attempt was only a labor in vain.

Disheartened at the failure of his hopes, Herr Zollinger turned homewards, long after the sun had set.

He had just reached a little entrenchment, close to which the foot path from the meadows found its way into the town.

A sentry box stood hard by, but the merchant listened in vain for the 'Who's there?' of the sentry as he approached it. "The man must be asleep," he thought and was completely confirmed in this opinion when by the pale light of the stars he saw the man inside the little hut, standing, leaning against the wall.

"It is no business of mine to wake him," he thought to himself as he passed, "he will soon wake up when the patrol comes round."

And indeed at that moment was heard the heavy, measured step of the patrol approaching as they went the round of the town.

The merchant would willingly have avoided the meeting and considered for a moment whether he could not manage to reach some neighbor's house.

"But no," he thought, "it might easily raise suspicion, I had better honestly tell the reason of my being late."

The patrol drew near, the officer stepped forward and asked "Whence and whither?" Herr Zollinger quietly gave the desired information.

"Good," said the officer, in a not unfriendly tone; "but I do not know if you are the man you say you are, I shall therefore send two men with you, and if it is all true, you shall escape this time."

The merchant was forced to content himself with this.

Two soldiers accompanied him to his door, looked at the house and at the sign above it, and without any further remark marched off.

"I am only thankful," thought the merchant, looking after them, "that they did not want to come in, my wife would have been frightened to death if she had seen me in such company."

Entering his home Herr Zollinger related what had befallen him, but in spite of the failure, his wife would not hear of another attempt.

"I would not for all the world let you leave the house again what these terrible times last," she said.

"You have a good heart," said the merchant, looking at his wife lovingly.

He went up softly to his children, kissed the little sleeping heads, and without further suspicion of danger went himself to rest.

About midnight, a violent knocking was heard at the door.

"What is that?" cried Herr Zollinger, springing up alarmed from his sleep, "was I dreaming or——" a second knocking removed all doubt.

He flew to the window and looked out. Below stood a troop of soldiers, and a harsh voice exclaimed:

"Open at once! or we beat in the door."

"Great heavens!" cried his terrified wife, "what can this mean, father?"

"Quiet! quiet! or you will wake the children," he answered. "I will see at once—it is nothing of importance."

But the poor woman would not be comforted thus, and hurrying on her clothes she ran downstairs.

There stood her husband already in the street, struggling with the soldiers who tried with blows and pushes from the butt-ends of their guns to thrust him forwards.

"Adam! Adam!" cried the poor woman, trying to push through the soldiers, but a heavy blow from a musket felled her unconscious to the ground. When she came to herself once more, all was silent and dark as the grave.

The morrow came, and the poor woman heard that during the night a sentinel had been killed, and that her husband had been arrested for the murder and was now to be shot.

The poor woman was nearly crazed with grief.

The next day a messenger brought a letter.

"Is the letter from father?" asked Agnes.

"No," said her mother; "it is from our cousin."

Without looking at it again she let the paper sink carelessly to the ground.

"See, Hans," said Agnes taking up the paper and reading it, "cousin thinks that you and I should go to the great gentleman father was with—don't you remember? when he didn't come home—to the great gentleman, and ask him very nicely to let father come home, or else mother will get ill, and we shall have to cry all our lives."

"Yes, children," the mother said, weeping, "we will go together to the general and implore him on our knees to give father back to us."

That afternoon amidst the thick throng of people that surged to and fro before the house of Archduke Charles, at Kloten, ten stood a pale but beautiful woman wrapped in the deepest mourning. Behind in the wide folds of her dress two children hid themselves.

At length there was a sudden stir about the gates and the crowd began to divide in order to make way for an old man in rich uniform.

"General Hotze!" was whispered on all sides.

She made her way to him and told her story. He, much affected, led her to the chambers of the Archduke.

"Your Highness," he began, "this is the wife and these are the children of the merchant, Zollinger of Zurich who is accused of the murder of a sentry in the last onslaught. They implore your Highness's grace for the life of the husband and father."

"Poor woman!" said the Archduke, "your grief cuts me to the heart but I myself am but subject to the court martial—and if your husband should be found guilty, my pity could do you no good."

Little Agnes then took her brother by the hand, and drawing him to her side, knelt before the Prince. "Sir," said the child, holding her little hands up, whilst the tears fell from her blue eyes, "sir let dear father come home to us, or mother will die of grief, and then we children shall have neither father nor mother to care for us."

Before the Prince could answer the sentry who stood near the door seized his arms and stood attention before the Field-marshal.

"Your Highness," he said, "I cannot bear this any longer. The father of these little angels is innocent. I stabbed the sentinel—I did it in defence of my life."

Speechless with astonishment, the Prince stared at the soldier, who now laid his weapons at his feet saying, "I am the prisoner of your Imperial Highness."

The poor woman was overjoyed at the news, and soon saw her husband released.

The Austrian general drove the merchant home with his wife and happy children, and promised a complete restoration of their property.

The sentinel proved that he acted in self-defence, and thus escaped the penalty of death.

EXPERIENCE.—That quickness of wit or as it is generally called, presence of mind, which is equal to an emergency in theoretical or practical life is one of the most valuable qualities, as well as one of the rarest to meet with, which men have been endowed. I make a wide difference between the dull and the thinking—those on whom we can rely in the hour of need, and those who are as broken reeds, piercing the hand which trust them. It is the quality of the commander, the leader, the conqueror; all the possibilities of time and circumstance are in the power of the man who can make use of them by the ready means of his better self—and the possession of circumstances do not often readily in hands which know how to deal with them.

M. S.

The ivory shadow of a once great trotter, Miss Rose, was recently discovered wandering under the weight of an overloaded cart in San Antonio, Texas. A group of sporting men put down the horse. Hereafter he will be tenderly cared for.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS.

No. 91. ATENOCOTOS.

No. 92.
CAT—NIP
OUT-LIE
WA[illegible]PEE

No. 93. SHADRACH.

No. 94.
BARBATE
AMERCES
RE[illegible]URES
BR[illegible]ONE
ACRITAN
TENNAGE
ESSENES

No. 95. SUSPICIOUS—AUSPICIOUS.

No. 96.
S
SPA
CHERT
SHELTIE
SPELDINGS
ARTISTE
TINTO
EGE
E

No. 97. BOMBAY—SMYRNA.

No. 98.
BUCEROS
TARANIS
POMACES
SAGENES
SENATOR
RUTHFUL
SESAMUM

No. 99. DISPROPORTIONABLENESS.

No. 100.
S
WAP
SATAN
SUTURES
WATERTATH
SATURNALIAN
PARTAKING
NEALING
STING
HAG
N

No. 101. NUMERICAL.

Though 12, 2, 6, 1, 7, 3
May be a province—sure as fate—
What can 4, 10, 11 be?
Eternity? You 5, 2, 8!
Which leads me inferentially
To say: "on which I pray meditate."

Rockford, N. Y. SERENUS.

No. 102. SQUARE.

Across.
The stars have FIRST their ineffectual fires;
The world's awake, 'tis SECOND once again.
Young THIRD, aroused from slumber, now admires
The sunlight rising o'er the waving grain.
He soon will FOURTH his duty, (building fires)
And then with other FIFTH will pray for rain.

Down.—
Not many FIRST from where the young man stood,
(The same was SECOND I forgot to mention)
There was a THIRD tree whose sweet blossoms should
Have shown themselves ere this, with less attention,
To force the tree to leave, he'd FOURTH it sure.
He FIFTH the bark instead for forfeiture.

San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

No. 103. CHARADE.

In this and other FIRST the LAST
Is found down by the sea.
Where many a pretty WHOLE is cast
Mid rugged scenery.

New York City. ROSE BUDD.

No. 104. PEXAGON.

Across.—1. A cry. 2. A channel. 3. A bird. 4. Wounded. 5. To spread.

Down:—1. A letter. 2. A spider. 3. A weight. 4. A plant. 5. Veiled. 6. Allured. 7. A letter.

Danbury, Conn. MCTMBG.

No. 105. HOUR GLASS.

1. A tree. 2. A disease in cattle. 3. A river in [illegible]. 4. A letter. 5. To trouble. 6. Not lax.

Words of plants.

CENTRAL.—A disease of horses.

DIAGONAL.—A blade name and notched on the edge like a saw.

San Jose, Cal. NIC. O'DEMUS.

No. 106. DOUBLE CROSS WORDS.

In sheriff not in sound.
In [illegible]ness in wood.
In acquired not in found,
In improve not in mend,
In struggle not in war,
In smashed not in tore.

Now to the [illegible] arched heavens we
Are pleased [illegible] to store
Of deer gems that meet you there
What splendor, beauty, pomp, they wear.

New York City. SIRIUS.

No. 107. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A quibble. 3. Relating to an hour. 4. Sagacious. 5. Traditional. 6. An idiot. 7. A flower. 8. An abbreviation for one of the U. S. 9. A letter.

[illegible], Ohio. TRADDLES.

No. 108. HALF SQUARE.

1. An accompaniment. 2. To fall together. 3. A [illegible]. 4. [illegible]. 5. Investigations. 6. Investigation. 7. A figurative song. 8. A prefix. 9. A letter.

New York City. HARUM.

No. 109. CHARADE.

Look out now for [illegible] over me
If you my FIRST would see
In motion [illegible] every one
Should ever will be done.

Now search for my THIRD

In the ground ever active,
But see [illegible] wintry wind
In a book quite attractive.

Philadelphia, Pa. ICICLE.

No. 110. SQUARE.

1. A mount in Bolivia sweet.
2. An island of Denmark find then.
3. An Indian balsam, not sweet:
4. [illegible] to moral men
5. The FIRST to respect, love and fear,
6. Warm springs you will find, place it there.

Santa Clara, Cal. COMET.

No. 111. BROMBOID.

Across.
1. A class of plants, pray here select,
And then my SECOND try detect.
2. Whom you perhaps have seen display
His portly person at "the Play."
3. Sometimes "Dear George" and "Mary Jane"
Converse and THIRD about the rain.
4. That Tell—when he his feat achieved,
His arrow FOURTH, is quite believed.
5. One who deduces or derives,
To guess for FIFTH the poor strives.
6. Distinct, diverse, and single too
Are words that here occur to you.
7. Am I correct, when I presume
To name as LAST, the famous Hume?

Down:—1. A consonant. 2. A verb. 3. To draw from in any analogous way. 4. Relating to a certain opening. 5. A habit. 6. Long-lived plants. 7. More austere. 8. To [illegible]. 9. To hold high carnival. 10. A town in [illegible]. 11. A dainty morsel for Tabby. 12. An exclamation. 13. A consonant.

Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 112. ANAGRAMS.

GREAT MEN.

1. PERI NOT POOR BANANA.
2. [illegible]

Brooklyn, N. Y. DRAM POQUIER.

No. 113. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. An accomplice. 3. A Latin proper name. 4. An animal. 5. Public. 6. Pertaining to distance. 7. Leprous. 8. Numbers. 9. Foreigners. 10. A stripling. 11. A letter.

Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

The POST six months, for FIRST COMPLETE of solutions.

The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

The solvers of Cerebrations of March 22nd, will be published next week, and hereafter, the Prizes will be announced in five weeks instead of four so as to allow our California friends ample time.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Mrs. Sidney [illegible] triple acrostic and four squares; My Dot—Rhomboid, crossword and zig-zag; Dick—Rhomboid and square; Balfour—Anagram; Traddles—Two anagrams; Paggotty—Numerical, charade, two anagrams and two logogriphs; Randolph—Diamond, acrostic and acrostic remainders; Maud Lynn—Crosswords and curtailed decapitation; Wild Rose—Double diagonal and hollow diamond, cross-word half-square, reversed rhomboid, knight spring and two diagonal squares.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WAVERLY—Prize received for answer to one of "Knit Knots." Thanks. We rather expected it that it would be a WAVERLY NOVELTY. Wish you would send along some contributions. There is a place reserved for you.

MRS. NICKLEBY—As our friend "Skeezics" remarks, we do not think we will "Miss a Nickle by" accepting such excellent puzzles as your last invoice contains. Glad to hear from you.

SKY DOT—Many thanks for your favors, although one of them [illegible] will probably worry the [illegible] Come as frequently with your [illegible].

[illegible] Another seat taken, the honors [illegible]. We greatly admire the [illegible] and we [illegible] prepared. You are "A-[illegible]" in this respect.

HATTIE—The Scrooge Anagram is all O. K. Come again.

TRADDLES—Anagrams salted down for future use. History so illustrated is quite enjoyable.

[illegible] of puzzles you send are [illegible] Improvement is [illegible] We [illegible]

HARUM—A [illegible] always welcome. We wish all our friends took as much care and Remainder(air Sir your most obedient.

MAUD LYNN—We take pleasure in introducing you to [illegible] the impression that you were a Ma[illegible] We do not hanker after [illegible] the more you send [illegible] that we are [illegible]

SCRIBO—We [illegible] the May number of the Mystic [illegible] It is well edited and [illegible] Every puzzler should read it.

WILD ROSE—We had begun to think that Wild Roses were not known for us [illegible] Many thanks for your cargo. It represents considerable work. We are still "on the fence" about Cryptograms.

GOOD BYE—Like a cloud passing over the face of the sun, is the news to us, that "Oats is Bill" has [illegible] We [illegible] Editor's Portfolio, [illegible] have the [illegible] as he wished and harassed by [illegible] efforts [illegible] the [illegible] which he [illegible] for [illegible] years. Remained at this [illegible] to his [illegible] friends. We [illegible] to the [illegible] of the Mystic [illegible] to [illegible] without the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a month for the [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
For [illegible] days,
[illegible]

[illegible] are [illegible] Harper's [illegible] we have [illegible] to [illegible] the receipt of your favor.

RAIN.

BY O. R. RODGERS.

Beneath my feet the grass looks up
To greet the cloud. Long had it laid
Withered and dry, until the cup
Of rain revived each dying blade;
And He who gives the crust and sup
Gave answer thus to those who prayed.

The fragrant rose forgot to bloom,
The wild flower on its native hill
Had nothing for the honeycomb
Of busy bee, who sought to fill
With store for winter its sweet home;
All nature languished—e'en birds were still.

The thistle's downy head upraised
'Mid cheerless winds dispersed its seeds
('Tis roughly draped and never praised,
Like charity, with silent deeds),
It drank the rain like one amazed,
To find relief for all its needs.

Here, like the patriarch in his dream,
I see the way the angels trod;
These green hills to my vision seem
To lift earth's gratitude to God,
And in the tender flowers the theme
Of praise divine writ on the sod.

ASPASIA OF MILETUS.

IN Athens it was of supreme importance that in the continuation of the State only true citizens should be admitted, and accordingly the general principle was laid down that none could become citizens but those whose fathers and mothers had been the children of citizens. From this it followed that the utmost care should be taken that no spurious offspring should be palmed upon the State. The women could not be trusted in this matter to their own sense of propriety. Means must therefore be devised to prevent the possibility of anything going wrong, and accordingly the citizen women had special apartments assigned to them, generally in the upper story, that they might have to come down stairs, and men might see them if they ventured out. Then they were forbidden to be present at any banquet. The men preferred to dine by themselves, rather than expose their wives to their neighbor's gaze. In addition to these external arrangements, laws were passed such as might deter the most venturesome. To help further to realize the position of the Athenian wife, we have to add that she was generally married about the age of fifteen or sixteen. Up to this time she had seen and heard as little as possible, and had inquired about nothing. Her acquaintance with the outside world had been made almost exclusively in religious processions.

When she married her life was not much more varied. Her duties lay entirely within the house. They were summed up in the words, "to remain inside and to be obedient to her husband." She superintended the female slaves who carded the wool: she made or assisted in making the garments of her husband and children; she had charge of the provisions, and she was expected to devote some time to the infants. If she went out at all, it was to some religious procession or to a funeral, and if old she might occasionally visit a female friend and take breakfast with her or help her in some hour of need. For the discharge of the duties which fell to an Athenian woman no great intellectual power was needed, and accordingly the education of girls was confined to the merest elements.

We pass from the citizen woman of Athens to the other class of free women—the strangers. The woman stranger was not entitled to the protection of the city State. No laws were made for her benefit. She had to look after her own interests herself, or get some man to do it for her. The one object that the State kept before it in regard to these stranger-women was to see to it that they did not in any way corrupt the purity of the citizen blood. The statesmen thought that great dangers might arise from their presence in a community. And the gods might be fearfully insulted and inflict dreadful vengeance if any one of these stranger-women were to find her way into the secret recesses of ancestral worship and perform some of the sacred functions which only the citizen-women could perform. Laws were enacted which prohibited any citizen-man from marrying a stranger-woman. If the stranger-man or woman ventured on such a heinous offence any one could inform against him or her. The culprit was seized, all his or her property was confiscated, and he or she was sold in slavery. The citizen-man or woman involved in such an offence had to suffer severe penalties. The stranger-woman therefore could not marry. Marriage was the only sin that they could commit politically in the eye of an Athenian statesman. They might form any other connections with men, temporary or permanent, except marriage. The citizen-women were confined to their houses and did not dine in company with the men. But the men wished to have women with them in their walks, in their banquets, in their military expeditions. The wives could not be with them then, but there was no constraint on the stranger-women. Accordingly men selected stranger-women as their companions.

They were the only educated women in Athens. They studied all the arts, became acquainted with all the new philosophical speculations, and interested themselves in politics. Many of them also were women of high moral character, temperate, thoughtful and earnest. Of all these women there is one that stands prominently forward as the most remarkable woman of antiquity, Aspasia of Miletus.

We do not know what circumstances induced her to leave her native city Miletus. Whatever it was, certain it is that she found her way to Athens, and became acquainted with the great statesman Pericles. She made a complete conquest of him. He was at the time married, but there was an incompatibility of temper between him and his wife. Pericles therefore made an agreement with his wife to have a divorce, and get her married to another, and so they separated, to the satisfaction of both. He then took Aspasia as his companion. Of course, husband and wife they could not be according to Athenian law, but Pericles treated her with all the respect and affection which were due to a wife. Plutarch tells us, as an extraordinary trait in the habits of a statesman remarkable for imperturbability and self-control, that he regularly kissed Aspasia when he went out and came in. Her house became the resort of all the great men of Athens. Her influence was such as to stimulate men to do their best, and they attributed to her all that was best in themselves.

The cultivated men who thronged her assemblies had no hesitation in breaking through the conventionalities of Athenian society, and brought their wives to the parties of Aspasia, and she discussed with them the duties of wives. She thought that they should strive to be something more than mere mothers and housewives. She urged them to cultivate their minds, and be in all respects fit companions for their husbands.

Unfortunately we know very little more. Did she come to any definite conclusion as to the functions of woman? It is difficult to say. The hints are very obscure. But in all probability the conclusion to which she came was that neither man nor woman can adequately perform their mission in life separately; that a man can never do his best without the inspiration and support of a congenial woman, and that woman should seek her work in vigorous and sympathetic cooperation with some congenial man.

But there is no reason to suppose that Aspasia had any romantic notions in regard to love or the destiny of woman. She was, on the whole, practical, and thought that woman should find her satisfaction in work, not in dreams.

She did not imagine that one could have only one love, and that if she did not get that, or lost it, she should repine and turn from life. She was in the world to be an active being, and accordingly when Pericles died she formed a connection with Lysicles, a sheep seller, believing him to be the best subject she could obtain, and made him, though not a bright man, the foremost politician in Athens for a time.

The entire activity of Aspasia, her speculations, her intercourse with men whose opinions were novel and daring, and who were believed to be unsparing innovators, her own hold over the noblest married women in Athens, and her introduction of greater social liberty among them, were all calculated to outrage the conventional spirit. Almost all the prominent members of her coterie were assailed, and at length Aspasia was brought to trial for impiety.

Whatever were the aims of her politics, it may be safely asserted that no woman ever exercised influence by more legitimate means. It was her goodness, her noble aims, her clear insight, that gave her the power. There was, probably, no adventitious circumstances to aid her. It is not likely that she was beautiful. The comic poets said that she was little and had a dark complexion. Littleness was incompatible with beauty in the eye of a Greek, and a dark complexion would also be against her. No ancient writer speaks of Aspasia as beautiful. She is called the good, the wise, the eloquent, but never the beautiful. We have one bust bearing her name certainly not beautiful. It represents a comfortable, meditative woman, but I doubt very much whether it is genuine. And I am far more inclined to believe that we have a true portrait of Aspasia in a marble bust of which there are two copies, one in the Louvre and one in Berlin.

Grains of Gold.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

All philosophy lies in two words—"sustain" and "abstain."

The higher up the mountain you climb, the more you can see.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

Indulge in humor just as much as you please, if it is not ill-humor.

If evil be said of thee, and it is true, correct it; if it be a lie, laugh at it.

Never call a new acquaintance by the first name, unless requested to do so.

It is more profitable to look up our defects than to boast of our attainments.

Never answer questions in general company, that have been put to others.

Never pass between two persons who are talking together, without an apology.

We can only know ourselves through the constant study how to govern ourselves.

Never lend an article which you have borrowed, unless you have permission to do so.

There is a German proverb which says that Take-It-Easy and Live-Long are brothers.

To regret the one we love is a blessing compared to the misery of living with one we hate.

The busybody labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, and dies without tears.

It is a fact of history that the purest and noblest life on God's green earth has been born of the Christian faith.

When we find ourselves more inclined to persecute than persuade, we may be certain that our zeal has more of pride in it that charity.

The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

There is a beautiful precept which he who has received an injury, or thinks that he has, would for his own sake do well to follow: "Excuse half and forgive the rest."

Never, when walking arm-in-arm with a young lady, be continually changing and going round to the other side, because of corners. It shows too much attention to form.

It is as bad to be with a grumbler as to be out on a rainy day. The one damps our clothing the other our spirits. But a bright, sunny-faced man or woman cheers us like a ray of sunlight coming into a dark room.

Men who complain of the miseries of this life are, for the most part, such as are unwilling to practice self-denial or submit to those rules of their animal and moral economy upon which salutary and uniform happiness is founded.

As every living thing that knows language is sensitive to praise, so every person endowed with the gift of speech is expected to cultivate the art of pleasant talking; and he is the best speaker who can make his hearers most content with themselves.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and is upon our lips and ready to drop out before we are aware; but falsehood is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one untruth needs a great many more to make it good.

When thinking of matrimony, look more than skin deep for beauty, dive further than the pocket for worth, and search for temper beyond good humor for the moment, remembering that it is not always the most agreeable partner at a ball who makes the most amiable partner for life. Virtue blooms fairest in the shade, often.

Femininities.

New parasols have sixteen ribs instead of eight.

A judge has decided that a woman is not an "old maid" until she is 35.

"Six into four you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

Old maids like one kind of fruit, namely, pairs; but they certainly do not appear to like dates.

When a girl hunts a husband the engagement ring, to be in keeping, should be "chased."

Lizards, flies, miniature squirrels and mice are now stuck here and there over Parisian bonnets.

A Cleveland milliner asserts that an English sparrow entered the store and stole feathers off the counter.

The prettiest and most becoming face trimming for a young lady is interwoven of amiability and refinement.

Queen Victoria is said to be a good ballad singer. Only her own family can hear her, however, according to etiquette.

There are seventy-four female members of school committees in Massachusetts. They are said to be efficient in their work.

In Paris, ladies are taking an unusual interest in cooking, which is now regarded as a most important part of their education.

An exchange says: Matrimony is a holy institution. Not only does it unite man to his best friend, but it finds a good living for thousands of divorce lawyers.

A Japanese student in New Haven went to spend the evening with a young lady. On coming away see invited him to call again soon. He called again in about an hour.

A lady told her little son who was teasing for something to eat, to wait until breakfast. With a tear in his eye he burst out: "I jest honestly sometimes think you're a stepmother."

"How is it, miss, that you gave your age to the census taker as only twenty-five, when you were born the same year as I was, and I am thirty-nine?" Ah! you have lived much faster than I, sir."

The Indianapolis school commissioners have decided to make the study of dress-making compulsory to girls in the grammar department. Only half an hour per week is to given it at present.

A man broke his engagement with a poor girl to marry a rich widow, and a jury compelled him to pay $900 damages. "Well, he said, as he handed over the money, "I am still about $20,000 ahead by the change."

When a woman gets on the shady side of 40 there are two things of which she is positively certain. That she knows more than all Christendom, and that if it wasn't for her gray hairs people wouldn't take her to be over 30.

This is a lady's statement: "A pretty girl tells me that she goes without candy in Lent. Just think what self-denial that is. Another says: "I do not receive or visit during Lent, and fast." "How?" I inquired. "Why, I do not eat butter."

The latest fat woman appears in Arkansas. She is Mrs. Peter Miller, of Helena, and weighs 403 pounds. She is but four feet, six inches high, and measures three feet nine inches across the back, so that she is almost as broad as long. She is sixty-eight years old.

At Girard College one day out of each week is given to the children for a holiday, and is called "Mother's day." On this day she is permitted to visit her child. Through all her hard labor of the week she looks forward to this day of reunion as the sailor does to the friendly light from the tower.

When a woman wishes to cut another on the street she puts on a stare that is straighter and more unflinching than that of a headlight on a locomotive. But this is nothing compared with the way she looks ahead when she enters the cabin of a ferryboat—and sees that handsome big mirror just opposite.

A Turkish proverb thus defines woman at the different periods of her age: "Ten to twenty, a rest to the eye of the beholder; twenty to thirty, still fair and full of flesh; thirty to forty, a mother of many boys and girls; forty to fifty, an old woman of the deceitful; fifty to sixty, slay her with a knife!"

Mrs. Deaton, of Lexington, Ky., was not satisfied with giving her ten-year old stepdaughter unmerciful whippings day after day, deliberately hanged her. The dead child was then put into a field among some horses, to convey the impression that she had been kicked to death by the brutes, but the truth came out.

George Snyder is a somnambulist. His sister is a young lady of nerve, and when she saw what appeared to her to be a burglar groping about the hallway of their house in Fort Wayne, Ind., on Wednesday night, she up and let drive with a convenient baseball bat. Snyder now lies at the point of death from a fractured skull.

Women were never made for professional baseball players. A determined woman can do almost anything, but she can't slide in on the home base, bark her shins, sprain her shoulder, put three fingers out of joint, and then get up smiling as sweetly as if she were eating molasses taffy, while waiting for her best fellow to take her to the circus.

"Give me five cents, mister?" queried a corpulent woman, a day or so ago. "You don't seem to be much in need," replied the party solicited. "You are a pretty well-dressed, healthy-looking woman, and you have a large basketful of groceries." "Yes," she responded, "but I want five cents. I want to hire a boy to carry my basket for me." She didn't get it.

Women in Austria perform the duties of bricklayers' laborers, and may be seen carrying hods of mortar and baskets of bricks up high ladders. More than this they actually supply the place of navvies, and wheel barrels of "ballast" almost as nimbly as their lords. They chop wood, they carry water, they offer to black your boots in the street, and perform many other little offices which, according to our notions, hardly come under the denomination of "woman's work."

"It's strange that you should have grown so fickle of late, my dear," said Mrs. Mic to her husband, "for in earlier years you were as staid as could be—you never came to see me but you stayed till twelve or one o'clock.

Facetiæ.

Jonah was the first man to go a fish in.

A hen with a clipped wing has a defective new.

On what sort of milk does the eagle's scream rise?

The fellow who wrote "Oh, ask me not again," must have been full.

When a lion is waking up the jungle the lioness is never allowed to put in her roar.

It's considered high fun now to connect two or three of your names with a hyphen.

"What have you to remark, madam, about my singing?" "Nothing, sir. It is not remarkable."

If you want to be recollected, stand in front of an engine going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

A New York paper asks the question, "Shall a lady eat onions?" As a measure offensive and defensive, we should say yes.

Suppose that the wearing of colored stockings does poison and cause the death of hundreds of women. Are not second marriages often happy?

Old merchant (to his son): "John, do you remember what the first duty on tea was?" John—"I should think, sir, that the first duty on T was to cross it."

A medical student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know whether it is not situated very near the jawbone.

"The Sioux are not contagious," said an old U. S. frontiersman. "What do you mean?" asked a bystander. "I mean that they are hard to catch," was the reply.

A scientific exchange remarks that "wrought anchors are the best." Notwithstanding this, all the ships that ever came into this harbor have "cast anchors."

A clock having struck the hour of one, a tender-hearted woman exclaimed: "Oh, what a cruel clock!" "Why so?" asked a friend. "Because it struck its little one!"

"Ah, Augustus, how soothing is Nature! See how beautiful those birds look upon the wing!" "Yes—just so, Angelina. But, excuse me, I—I think the wings are on the birds."

A cute yankee in Kansas sells whiskey in a gun barrel instead of a glass, that he may avoid the law, and make it appear beyond dispute that he is selling whiskey by the barrel.

"Wife," said a man looking for his bootjack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

"It is a sad moment in life," said Cynic, "when you find that love, glory, happiness, are not worth a cigar." "It is a sadder moment still," said his friend, "when you find the cigar itself is bad!"

An Irishman went into a country meeting-house where an auctioneer was selling the pews. "Well," he cried, "God has broken down as well as the rest; and here they are selling him out in his own house, to pay his debts."

The man who can balance himself on a chair, and draw on underclothing, trousers, stocking and shoes, without coming in contact with the wet floor of the bath-room, is qualified for the position of tight-rope walker in a circus.

When a Hartford woman patted her friend's seven-year old youngster on the head and said, "I should like to have such a little boy as you are," he looked up into her face and replied: "Well, I guess you can. I don't believe God's lost the pattern of me."

"Do you think that souls separated here are united hereafter?" asked a pale, emaciated pietist of his friend. "I hope not," was the chilling reply. "It cost me a pretty good figure to get a divorce, and when I invested that money I invested it for time and eternity too."

"Thank God for a free gospel," said an old church member suddenly carried away by the eloquence of the preacher. "Five and twenty years have I been a church member, and it has not cost me as many coppers." "May the Lord forgive your stingy soul," said the preacher.

"Have you given electricity a trial for your complaint, madam?" said the minister, as he took tea with the old lady. "Electricity!" said she. "Well, yes, I reckon I has. I was struck by lightning last summer, and hove out the window, but it didn't seem to do me no sort of good."

"There is one thing about a kiss," said a gentleman to his wife, "that makes life very dear to us men." "Oh, I know what it is," was the reply, "it's a pretty pair of lips." "Yes, indeed, and the satisfaction a man has of knowing that the lady's mouth is tightly closed for a short time."

A party of Boston ladies who were spending the summer in a little town not far from the White Mountains, attended a fair which was being held by the ladies of one of the churches. Wishing to appear properly interested, one of the visitors asked the manager what the proceeds were to be devoted to. "Well," was the hesitating reply, "we ain't certain whether we'll buy an ice-cream freezer or a hearse."

A Brazilian count, a millionaire, was dining at the table d'hote of a fashionable hotel. His cutlet was to his taste, and he ordered another. "We only give one cutlet," said the manager, "and no bread with one dish-full." Without a word the count rose, went out, bought the hotel, returned, led the manager to the front door and kicked him down the steps, then, reseating himself at the table, said: "Bring me another cutlet." They brought it, swift as the eagle cleaves the air.

THE LARGEST WORKSHOP OF THE BODY IS THE LIVER, whose office it is to withdraw the bile from the blood: when this important organ does not act, the skin assumes a yellow appearance, and generally a sick headache sets in, with chilly sensations, and cold hands and feet, accompanied with loss of appetite. The system becomes clogged, the machinery does not work well, and both mind and body are disordered, the afflicted becoming cross and fretful, finding fault with everything around them. To any person in this condition Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills are recommended: by their stimulating action the Liver soon recovers its healthy tone, and is enabled to perform its proper functions. Costiveness is cured, and all the aggravating symptoms of biliousness removed.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE first of the Moore family of which I have authentic account is Sir John Moore, who had for his family seat Prawley, in Berkshire, England. This gentleman was passed to the order of Knighthood by Charles I., King of England, on the 21st day of May, 1617; probably as a reward for some important services rendered to the country and to the crown. The motto on his coat-of-arms was: "Nihil utile quod non honestum."

He was, beyond a doubt, a monarchist in politics and a churchman in religion, as he lost both his fortune and his life in those revolutionary excitements—produced more by a blind and ignorant religious bigotry than a love of rational liberty—which deprived the unfortunate monarch of his crown, and brought him to an ignominious end upon the scaffold. It was a sacrifice professedly made to establish the rights of his subjects, and the freedom of conscience in religion. But the light which succeeding events have thrown upon the character of the agents, and of the sufferers in that tragedy, have led many to contemplate it as a case of martyrdom in the cause of God and His church.

Of the descendants of Sir John Moore I have been able to find but little authentic information until I come to two of his grandsons, John and James Moore, who came to America and settled in South Carolina about 1680, where James remained and became Governor from the year 1700 until 1703, when he was deposed.

"Drake" informs us that in 1719 he undertook an expedition against Florida, which was a failure. This expedition caused the first issue of paper money in America, under the name of Bills of Credit.

John Moore came from Carolina to Philadelphia at or about 1683, and became the King's Collector at that port. I have before me his commission for the same office in 1705, signed by Evelyn, &c., now the property of T. J. Woolf, Esq.

He had several children, one of whom was the Rev. Dr. Thomas Moore, Chaplain to Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, one of the most eminent scholars and celebrated preachers of his age. The well known sermons of this admired prelate were edited and published under the direction of Dr. Moore. He died in Little Britain, in London, leaving a highly respectable family, among whom was Thomas Moore, D. D., Rector of North Bray in Kent. Another son was Daniel Moore, a gentleman of large estate, who was a member of Parliament for many years, and whose daughter married the celebrated Lord Chancellor of England, Thomas Erskine. Another son, John Moore, moved from Philadelphia to the city of New York, where he became a merchant of wealth and respectability. He was at one time an Alderman of the city, for many years a member of the Colonial Legislature, and at the time of his death Colonel of one of the New York regiments and a member of the King's Council for the Province. He died in 1749 at the age of 65, and is said to have been the first person buried in Trinity Churchyard. The family vault still remains. He left a family of several sons and daughters, and was the grandfather of Richard Channing Moore, who was born in New York August 21, 1762, and became Bishop of Virginia.

Another son of John Moore was William Moore known as of Moore Hall, from his seat on the banks of the Schuylkill, above Valley Forge. He was born in Philadelphia, May 6, 1699, and at the age of fourteen was sent to England to finish his education. He graduated at the University of Oxford in 1719 and returned to America. In December, 1722, he married Miss Williamina Wemyss, who was the daughter of David, 4th Earl of Wemyss and Anne Douglass, his wife, who had issue.

First James (afterwards fifth Earl), born May, 1725 and Williamina born December 24, 1699, died May 30, 1762. The wife of David Wemyss, died in child-bed, ere her child was born, and believing it to be a boy, she requested that if it survived it should be christened William, after William of Orange, but it being a girl it was christened Williamina (not Wilhelmina, which is a German name.) David Wemyss married twice afterwards, but had no issue. He died —— 15 1720. James, fifth Earl of Wemyss, married Janet, only daughter of Colonel Francis Charteris, of Amesfield, in the county of Haddington, and had issue, a full account of which will be found in "Burke."

William Moore was born in Philadelphia, May 6, 1699, and died May 30, 1783. He and his wife are buried at the door of Radnor Church, Delaware county, Pa. His eldest daughter Williamina, married, August 4, 1748, Dr. Phineas Bond, of Philadelphia. They had several children, a daughter Williamina, born Feb. 25, 1750, on the 30th of January, 1779, married General John Cadwalader, of Revolutionary fame. She was a beautiful woman and—her father being a loyalist—had figured as one of the maids of honor in the Meschianza. Her son, afterwards General Thomas Cadwalader, was the father of the Hon. John and General George Cadwalader, of Philadelphia. Frances, daughter of General John Cadwalader, in 1800 married David Montague, (afterwards Lord Erskine, of Restormel Castle, County Cornwall, England.) He was her near relative, being the son of Chancellor Erskine, who married the daughter of Daniel Moore, Esq. Lady David Erskine died March 25, 1843 and his lordship afterwards married Miss Ann Hood Travis, daughter of John Travis, Esq., of Philadelphia, she being the first cousin of his wife. Another daughter of John Travis, Esq., Miss Elizabeth Liston Travis, married in May 10, 1820 William G. Cochran, a prominent and wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, by whom she has a family of four sons and two daughters. Another daughter of William Moore, of Moore Hall, married William Smith, D. D., Provost of the College and Academy of Philadelphia. Ann, the youngest daughter of William Moore, was born at Moore Hall, October 4, 1742 and on June 2 1774 married Dr. Charles Ridgely, of Dover, Del. Her descendants intermarried with the Morris, Tilden, Johnson, Comegys and Dupont families, and are among the most prominent people of the State. William Moore was a prominent Mason, and subscribed to the fund for erecting the first Masonic Hall in America. This building was erected in Lodge alley, Philadelphia, a small street running from Second below Chestnut, and was afterwards used in common as a lodge room by the Modern and Ancients in this city.

The French peasantry are not yet tired of shuffling about in wooden shoes, and France produces about 4,000,000 pairs yearly. They are very economical, and keep the feet dry. The best are made of maple, and, in provincial towns, ladies often wear them.

The authorities of a certain city will not permit a peal of laughter to be indulged in in the public streets, for fear some one may slip on the peal and hurt himself.

News Notes.

New York has a noiseless school slate company.

Gold hair-pins are the latest extravagances.

Clam Lake, Mich., has changed its name to Cadillac.

Iowa solicits bids from brass bands to make music for the State fair.

The wife of the Prince of Wales is pronounced pretty and petulant.

An Atlantic City carpenter sawed on to a Minie ball in a Carolina board.

Queen Victoria will travel as the Countess of Kent during her trip to Italy.

A Minnesota girl formed 500 words from the letters in George Washington.

Of the 27,000,000 inhabitants of Italy, 14,000,000 can neither read nor write.

Dr. DeKoven has left to Racine College, Wis., $40,000 and his valuable library.

The Kindergarten has been abolished in Boston as a measure of retrenchment.

The discovery of coal in Northern California is attracting capital in that direction.

Barrymore, the wounded actor at Marshall, Texas, is now improving and out of danger.

Worth says that English women do not dress as extravagantly as the women of France and America.

Queen Victoria wore at her son's wedding the great Koh-i-noor blazing in a brooch on her black dress.

An Indianapolis baker is attempting the feat of drinking 1,000 glasses of beer in 1,000 consecutive hours.

Robert Bonner, who has three hundred thousand dollars worth of fine horses, has a special veterinary surgeon, who is paid $1,500 per annum.

Among Boston's April fools were eighteen insurance men, who went to the Parker House, arrayed in evening dress, to eat an imaginary dinner.

An English missionary named Penrose is supposed to have been murdered, with his entire party, by the natives in the region of Victoria Nyanza.

Paul Massengale is a blind Georgian, from Warren county, who is said to be a genuine Blind Tom. He will take the road with the fiddle and the flute shortly.

A new Protestant sect, distinguished like the Shakers by physical extravagances, has appeared in Westphalia and is making considerable progress. Most of the proselytes are women.

Major Black is the hero of the day among the British troops in South Africa. He it was who, with a party of volunteers, revisited the scene of the recent massacre and recovered the Queen's colors which had been lost in the affray.

The accounts of the French Exhibition of 1867 have just been settled, and show a surplus of 55,805 francs, to be divided between the State, the municipality, and the subscriber. The latter are entitled to 1 franc 70 centimes per share.

Westinghouse, the air-brake inventor and manufacturer, of Pittsburg, is in London. Last week the 70th anniversary of his father's birthday occurred, and the absent son cabled a gift of $5,000 to the paternal home in Schenectady, N. Y.

The great London brewers, Barclay & Perkins and Calvert draw their water from wells so deep that, although on different sides of the Thames, they have the same source, and the firms consequently have to pump on alternate days.

It is stated as a singular fact that Indiana has no State flag. The Commonwealth has a seal with its well known woodchopper and buffalo upon it, which appears on all State documents, but the design has never yet been put upon bunting or silk.

The value of the Girard College property is $6,527,990. The income last year was $645,272, and expenditures $597,027. There was a large balance in the treasury at the beginning of the year and $75,243 at the close. The number of orphans on the rolls is 871.

Charles E. Porter, a negro artist of Hartford, Conn., is said to make admirable pictures of flowers, fruit, butterflies and other insects, and to have a finesse and accuracy of touch that would do credit to the microscopic finish of the old Flemish painters.

St. Patrick's Cathedral New York, on the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty first street, will be consecrated May 22. Though its defects of construction have been sharply criticized, it still is a stately structure; it stands on the highest ground on Fifth avenue, south of the Central Park.

Mr. Browning's only son is not a poet, but a painter, and his first picture in the Royal Academy was sold for $1,500; the only son of M. Gounod, the composer, is not a musician but also a painter, and is about to marry the daughter of a painter; of Mr. Tennyson's two sons, one acts as amanuensis for his father, and the other is in the Indian Civil Service.

Miss Carrie Burne, in company with her father, is on her way from Tucson, Arizona, to Kansas, 1,100 miles away. They ride on wild mustangs and are already some 700 miles from the starting point. Miss Carrie is described as a young, pretty woman, who can flirt with her bright eyes or shoot a Buffalo with equal facility. Both the travelers are heavily armed.

LIVER COUGHS often taken for Consumption are cured almost instantly with Hop Bitters.

In Austria-Hungary every newspaper appearing more than twice a month has to deposit caution money if politics are treated or mentioned. For Vienna and neighborhood this deposit is fixed at $2,000; for towns of 800,000 inhabitants at $1,000; for towns of 20,000 inhabitants at $200, and for all other places at $100; but journals appearing three times a week need pay only half the amount.

The managers of a co-operative store in Lancaster, England, have been fined for selling castor-oil pills which contained no appreciable quantity of castor oil. The county analyst said that these interesting compounds consisted chiefly of rhubarb, aloes, ginger, some kind of pepper—probably cayenne—soap, saccharine matter, and resinous matter. The manufacturers sell 250,000 boxes of them a year.

Professor Angell says that one of the mathematicians of the Michigan University, known all over the world, never went to school but six weeks, and while the oxen were resting at noon did his first mathematical work upon a ploughshare with a piece of chalk.

While the Queen of the Belgians was leaving St. George's Chapel after the wedding ceremonies of the Duke of Connaught and his Princess, a magnificent bracelet studded with diamonds slipped from her arm. An honest Yeoman of the Guard picked it up and restored it to the owner.

The Russian government discourages the travel of its subjects to foreign countries, for fear of injury to their moral or political views. In order to retain them at home, the price of the pass, without which no Russian is allowed to leave his country, has been lately increased from five roubles to one hundred roubles for each year of life abroad.

One gets an idea of the depth of the Nevada mine on reading that it took three hours to get an injured man out of the lowest level of the Julia mine up to fresh air, and though fatally injured, the man's only misfortune had been to step into a tank of the water that was flowing in the mine. Its temperature was 170 and he was scalded to death.

The King of Siam has sent an autograph letter to General Grant, inviting him to visit Siam and become his guest. General Grant was expected at Singapore about the 1st of April. The American Consul at Bangkok, accompanied by the King's Aid-de-Camp and one of the Princes, will proceed down the Gulf of Siam on a Government steamer to meet and welcome General Grant and escort him to Bangkok.

Prince Louis Napoleon in a letter to M. Rouher announcing his intention to join the British forces at the Cape says: "For the last eight years I have been the guest of England. My education was completed in the English Military School. I have strengthened my ties of friendship with the English army by taking part in the annual manœuvres. The war at the Cape having assumed a more serious character, I have wished to follow the campaign. I could not refrain from sharing the dangers and fatigues of the troops, among whom I have so many friends. Moreover, the time spent in witnessing this struggle of civilization against barbarism will not be wasted for me."

Wrenched and Racked

By the pangs of Rheumatism, the joints eventually become grievously distorted, and sometimes assume an almost grotesque deformity. To prevent such results by a simple and agreeable means is certainly the part of wisdom. A tendency to rheumatic ailments may be successfully combatted with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine with the prestige of a long and successful career, of unbounded popularity, and of emphatic professional endorsement. It removes from the blood those inflammatory impurities which pathologists assign as the cause of rheumatism, and not only purifies the life current, but enriches it, promoting vigor by fertilising its source. Digestion, the action of the bowels and the secretion of the bile, are aided by it, and it impels the kidneys and bladder to a regular and active performance of their functions. It is besides a thoroughly reliable remedy for, and means of preventing, periodic fevers.

Gigantic Offers.

Your attention is called to the mammoth new advertisement of Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, in this week's paper. Mr. Beatty's celebrated Pianos and Organs are so well known throughout the civilized world that they require no word of commendation from us. Lowest prices, superior workmanship and complete satisfaction have brought his house prominently forward until to-day he stands the only man in his trade who dares to ship his instruments on test trial, and if unsatisfactory refunds not only the price, but all freight paid. No fairer offer can ever be made or even suggested. His sales now amount annually to several millions of dollars, and when it is taken into consideration that a few years ago he was only a poor plough-boy, it must be evident to every reader, that Mr. Beatty is the possessor of rare talent in his vocation and that his Pianos and Organs possess the merits claimed for them. A saving of 5 per cent. can be made when two instruments are ordered at the same time; therefore talk over among your friends and neighbors these unparalleled offers on the celebrated Beatty Pianos and Organs, and try to secure for yourselves this special discount.

Doctor's Bills

Saved by using M'Clelland's Homeopathic Remedies. They are prepared expressly for Families. Put up in neat one dollar cases and contains twelve (12) of the most prominent medicines with description of disease and full directions for use. We want an agent in every town and county to sell our remedies. Sample case with terms to agents sent, charges paid, for one dollar. Address McCLELLAND & CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WILSON'S COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.—The great popularity of this safe and efficacious preparation is alone attributable to its intrinsic worth. In the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Scrofulous Humors, and all Consumptive Symptoms, it has no superior. If equal. Let no one neglect the early symptoms of disease, when an agent is at hand which will cure all complaints of the Chest, Lungs or Throat. Manufactured only by A. B. WILSON, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

LADY, drowsy feelings are precursors of sickness, which Hop Bitters will instantly banish.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

OVARIAN TUMOR

OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED

—BY—

DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

DR. RADWAY & CO.

32 Warren Street, New York.

The American District Telegraph Co.

Has removed the office from Seventh and Chestnut Streets to

THE TIMES BUILDING, EIGHTH, below CHESTNUT Street.

MESSENGER, POLICE AND FIRE SERVICE, DAY AND NIGHT.

Telegrams sent to any part of the CITY OR WORLD.

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SAVE A DOLLAR!!

The Egyptian Fever, Ague and Liver Pad

is without any exception the best Pad in existence for the cure and prevention of all malarious diseases and the most wonderful medical discovery of the age. No medicine required. Cures by absorption. Send for pamphlet, which gives certificates of extraordinary cures performed by this Pad, mailed free. Ask your Druggist for the **Egyptian Pad** and take no other; if he has none, I will send you one by mail on receipt of price, $1. JOSEPH FLEMING, 84 Market street, Pittsburgh Pa. Sole Agent for the United States.

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The most valuable work of the kind published. Indorsed as such by CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE, HON. ALEX. H. STEPHENS, HON. STANLEY MATTHEWS and others. An accurate and plain 20 tome of all the Laws of all the States up to 1878, enabling every man to be his own ready lawyer. It sells at sight. For extra terms and exclusive territory, address, JONES BROS., & CO., No. 1103 Arch St., Philadelphia.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homœopathic Medicine Co.,
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TWENTY-SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS.,

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N. B.—Orders by Mail and Decorative Work promptly attended to, in person.

OPIUM Habit cured at Home. No publicity. Cure painless. Terms reasonable. Time short. Tenth year of unparalleled success. 1,000 testimonials. State your case and address
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60 New Style Cards, Lilly, Chromo, Motto, Lace, Gold-edge, &c. Name in gold, 10c. Star Co. Clintonville, Ct.

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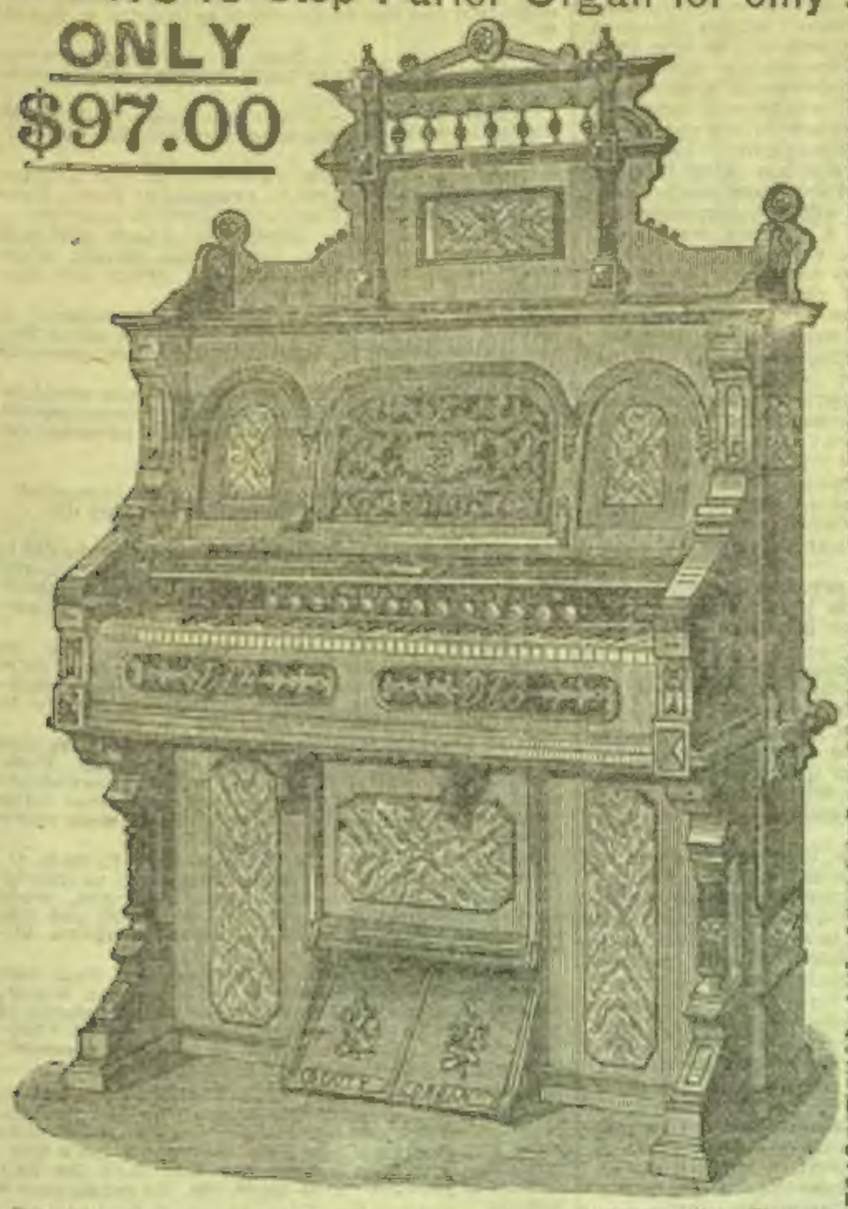
BEST IN USE. BEST IN USE.

A $375 13-Stop Parlor Organ for only $97.00

ONLY $97.00



The price of this beautiful Grand Parlor Organ is $375 or, in other words, this is about the price asked for such an instrument by the **Monopolists Agents**. I have been offering it wholesale at **$105**, as my very lowest net cash price. I am determined that all shall see my celebrated instruments and judge for themselves, and therefore I offer this beautiful, neat design, to the readers of this paper, **FOR ONLY $97.** Order the instrument, and **pay only after you have tested it at your own home.** Don't want the money until you are entirely satisfied. This is a very fair offer for you. The description of this magnificent instrument is as follows: **Beatty Organs, Style No. 2109.** A beautiful **Gothic** style of architecture in this case strikes the eye of the connoisseur and stamps it at once as the most beautiful case extant. Dimensions: Height, 74 ins.; Width, 45 ins.; Depth, 25 in.; Weight, when boxed, over 500 pounds. **Three (3) Sets of Reeds. Five (5) Octaves. Thirteen (13 Stops.** (1) **Grand Organ;** (2) Principal Forte; (3) Dulcet; (4) Diapason; (5) Hautboy; (6) Principal; (7) Vox Humana; (8) Flute; (9) Viola; (10) Dulciana; (11) Echo; (12) **Vox Celestes;** (13) Clarionet. Beatty's Celebrated **Grand Organ** Knee Swell, and Beatty's New and Improved double-acting Knee Swell. The case of this instrument is solid Walnut, full French Veneer, and finished in the **highest style of art.** The musical combination excelled by none. All things considered, it is the most desirable style that can be selected. I challenge its equal. The Regular Retail price asked for such an instrument by the Monopolists' Agents, about.....$375.00 I will sell this beautiful Organ to the readers of this paper, in order to have it introduced, boxed and delivered on cars, **FOR ONLY** $97.00 Please send your order by letter or telegraph. **No money required until you are entirely satisfied.** Pay for the instrument only after you have tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight, charges both ways. This certainly is a fair offer. I positively will not deviate from this price. **Fully warranted for 6 years.** I want this instrument introduced hence this unparalleled offer. Remember, I have no agent, but sell direct, hence this remarkably low price. **You can order direct from this Advertisement, which will not appear again.** Nothing can be saved on this instrument by correspondence. **Order at once.** If you do not want one yourself, order one and make your friend a handsome present. Every Beatty Organ when introduced into a new locality, sells others, **as it is a standing advertisement.** Please remember, the above unparalleled offer is good for a **limited** period only, and is made solely with a view of introducing this superb instrument. Trusting that by offering it at this very low price, I shall induce very many to buy this beautiful new style, thereby inaugurating a demand that will eventually repay me for this sacrifice. **New Rosewood Pianos, $125, $135, $145 and upward.** Large Illustrated Newspaper, about size of Pianos and Organs, sent free, post-paid.

Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. America.**

☞ **PLEASE SHOW THIS SPLENDID OFFER TO YOUR NEIGHBOR.** ☜

BEATTY

—The most successful business man in the world. BEATTY'S Celebrated PIANOS and ORGANS are acknowledged to be the best and most perfect instruments on the globe. More Beatty's celebrated Pianos and Cabinet Organs have been sold during the last four months than nearly all the other manufacturers combined. No wonder they are jealous of his great success. While other manufacturers are crying hard times, Beatty can hardly fill his orders, so great is the demand for his celebrated Pianos and Cabinet Organs. Mr. Beatty commenced business only eight years ago without a dollar, a poor and unknown plow boy. He is to-day the most successful man in his line in the world, doing a business of several millions annually. This is the result of that attention to business, liberal judicious advertising, plenty of pluck, and, above all, strictly first class Pianos and Cabinet Organs, selling them at the very lowest net cash wholesale prices to the public direct, avoiding all middlemen, agents, etc. Read his unparalleled offers for a limited period.—*Extract from the Star.*

☞ P. B. Hann, Cashier First National Bank, Washington, N. J., (Piano); J. L. Everitt, Cashier National Broadway Bank, New York City, (Organ); Wm. Underdown, Cashier Mechanics National Bank, Phila., (Organ); Rev. Josiah Sweet, D. D., Highgate, Vt., (Piano); Rev. J. B. Good, D. D., St. Joseph, Mo., (Piano); A. J. Lowery, of Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, Placerville, Cal., (Organ); and thousands of others throughout this country and Europe, are now using in their families Beatty's Celebrated Pianos and Cabinet Organs. ☞ Send at once for long list of testimonials from persons, some of whom you may know.

CLUBS—Where two or more Pianos or Organs are ordered at one time, I will make a discount of 5 per cent from this unparalleled offer.

In no case will I make a discount from these offers on a single instrument. Those who desire and will forward the cash with the order, will receive with the instrument free of charge a fine Stool and Beatty latest instruction book. I will not give away a Stool and Book when parties pay only after testing the instrument at their own houses. Please do not ask it.

$1,000 3-String Grand Square Piano for Only $255.00.

$1,000 PIANO FOR ONLY $255.

$1,000 PIANO FOR ONLY $255.

BEATTY PIANO *SQUARE GRAND, Style No. 3023* Magnificent Rosewood Case, Elegantly finished, Three Strings Weight when boxed, over 1000 lbs. Seven and one-third octaves. Full agraffe scale, Rosewood case, all round corners, beautiful carved legs and lyre, heavy serpentine and top mouldings all around the case, back finished same as front. New serpentine, with Beatty's very latest full iron frames, bars and extra bracos, improved new scale, overstring bass, French grand action, fret desk, carved pedal, solid rosewood mouldings, ivory key fronts, capped hammers, agraffe treble, and every improvement which can in any way tend to the perfection of the instrument has been added. This instrument is a magnificent Pianoforte. ☞ This offer may appear fabulous, but I mean every word of it. It is a special offer, more liberal than any other manufacturer can safely make on a instrument containing the same number of qualities, and were it not that I do business on a strictly cash basis, I would not be justified in making it. In presenting this instrument to the world at this very low price, I do so with an eye to the future, knowing that its introduction into any locality will result in making many sales. Its style must be admired and its intrinsic qualities highly endorsed. Fully warranted for six years. Sent on half month test trial. No money required until the Piano is fully tested at your own home. I want this beautiful Piano more generally introduced, hence this unparalleled offer. Order at once, as every Piano when introduced in a new locality sells others. We all know a good article is a standing advertisement. Regular retail price asked for such an instrument by the monopolists' agents, about $1,000. ☞ I will sell this magnificent Piano, boxed and delivered on board cars, in order to have it more generally introduced, for only $255. You may forward your order by letter or telegraph and the instrument will be shipped at once. No money required until the Piano is fully tested at your own home. If in any way unsatisfactory you are under no obligation whatever to keep it, as I will cheerfully take it back and pay freight charges both ways. ☞ New Parlor Organs $65, $85, to $160. Latest illustrated Newspaper, with much information about cost of Pianos and Organs sent free.

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A GOOD PLAN

Anybody can learn to make money rapidly operating in stocks, by the "Two Unerring Rules for Success," in Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s new circular. The combination method, which this firm has made so successful, enables people with large or small means to reap all the benefits of largest capital and best skill. Thousands of orders, in various sums, are pooled into one vast amount and co-operated as a mighty whole, thus securing to each shareholder all the advantages of the largest operator. Immense profits are divided monthly. Any amount, from $5 to $5,000, or more, can be used successfully. N. Y. Baptist Weekly, September 26th, 1878, says, "By the combination system $15 would make $75, or 5 per cent.; $20 pays $250, or 7 per cent. $100 makes $1,000, or 10 per cent. on the stock, during the month, according to the market." Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper June 29th: "The combination method of operating stocks is the most successful ever adopted." New York Independent, Sept. 12th: "The combination system is founded upon correct business principles, and no person need be without an income while it is kept working by Messrs. Lawrence & Co." Brooklyn Journal, April 29th: "Our editor made a net profit of $101.25 from $20 in one of Messrs Lawrence & Co.'s combinations." New circular (mailed free) explains everything. Stocks and bonds wanted. Government bonds supplied. Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y.

WARNER BRO'S CORSETS

Received the Highest Medal at the recent **PARIS EXPOSITION,** over all American competitors. Their **FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,** (120 bones) fits with perfect ease, and is Warranted not to break down over the hips. Price by mail, $1.25.

THE HEALTH CORSET is now made with the Tampico Bust, which is soft and flexible and contains no bones. Price by mail, $1.50. Nursing Corsets, $1.75.

For Sale by leading Merchants

WARNER BRO'S, 351 Broadway, N. Y.

FITS CURED!! FREE!!

An infallible and unexcelled remedy for **Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness,** warranted to effect a speedy and **Permanent Cure.** "**A Free Bottle**" of my renowned specific and a valuable Treatise sent to any sufferer sending me his Post-office and Express Address. DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl Street, N. Y.

Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine and Pharmacy, Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles, Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No clerks. Advice free.

JUDGE For Yourself By sending 25 cents with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, Box 201, Fultonville, N. Y.

AGENTS, READ THIS

We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address SILVERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses paid to DEALERS SAMPLES FREE. Send 2c. STAMP to S. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O. **CIGARS**

40 Motto, Chromo, etc. cards, name and fancy case 10 cts. W. D. Gilbert, P. W. Higganum Conn.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. Card Co. Northford, Conn.

50 Cards, no 2 alike, Chromo &c., with name, 10c. GEO. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

NEW YORK HOTEL,

715—727 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

Price of Board and Rooms reduced to $3 per day, for transient guests.

The location of this favorite hotel is unsurpassed for convenience of men of business or families sojourning in the city.

No effort will be spared to maintain its established reputation for the excellence of its table and quiet home-like comforts.

H. CRANSTON & CO.

THE GYROCHROME;

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Prismatic Top,

A new mechanical toy which pleases the artistic eye, as well as that of childhood. Will spin from 10 to 20 minutes according to the force used in starting it. No limit to the number of its color changes; it is impossible to produce the same combination of colors twice. Made entirely of metal it cannot be broken, while its countless changes make it always a new toy, and a source of infinite amusement. Price 25 cents. By mail 28 cents. Liberal discount to the trade. Send 2 cent stamp for circular. Agents Wanted.

American Manufacturing Co.,

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ELECTRIC BELTS.

A sure cure for nervous debility, premature decay exhaustion, etc. The only reliable cure. Circulars mailed free. Address J. K. REEVES, 43 Chatham St.,

ANY LADY or Gent that sends us their address will receive something of great value free, by mail. Only about 200 left. M. YOUNG, 173 Greenwich St., New York.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

50 PERFUMED Chromo Scroll, Transparent & Flirtation cards, name in gold and jet, 10c. Outfit 10c. Agents wanted. Royal Card Co. Northford Ct.

50 Perfumed Snowflake Chromo, Motto &c. cards no 2 alike, name in gold and jet 10 cents. U. A. SPRING & Co., E. Wallingford, Conn.

60 CHROMO and Perfumed cards, no 2 alike name in Gold and Jet, 10c. CLINTON BROS.,

1 PACK 25 French Transparent Cards, securely sealed, postpaid, 30c.; 2 packs 50c. Coe & Co., Northford, Conn.

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NIGHT SCENES, 6 for 15c. Sent by mail sealed. GILBERT & CO., North Chatham, N. Y.

50 CHROMO, Gold-Border &c. 10c. no 2 alike or 20 cupid cards 10c. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau N. Y.

SPRING JOHN WANAMAKER. SUMMER

THE

Unparalleled Success of

The Mail Department for Samples & Supplies

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at the Grand Depot, during the past season, has necessitated an entire refitting of the interior of the large room devoted exclusively to executing orders received by mail.

THE LARGEST DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE.

Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Zephyrs, Fringes, Ribbons, Notions, Cloths,

Though you live a Thousand Miles from Philadelphia, you can purchase at the Grand Depot an entire outfit or the smallest article in Dry Goods, etc., with the greatest ease, and an absolute certainty of the same exact attention that is paid to customers who visit the establishment in person.

Ladies' Suits, Men's Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Linens, Flannels, Muslins, Stationery, Silverware, China, etc.

GRAND DEPOT

Precision, Promptness and Experience, combined with the highest regard for even the slightest wishes of those who order, and a now almost faultless system, peculiar to the Grand Depot only, make this the Model Department of its kind in America.

THIRTEENTH ST., CHESTNUT TO MARKET STS.

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Send a Penny Postal Card, specifying what is desired, and by return mail you will receive, postage paid, samples of the newest styles of Goods, with the widths and lowest city prices, besides full particulars about ordering.

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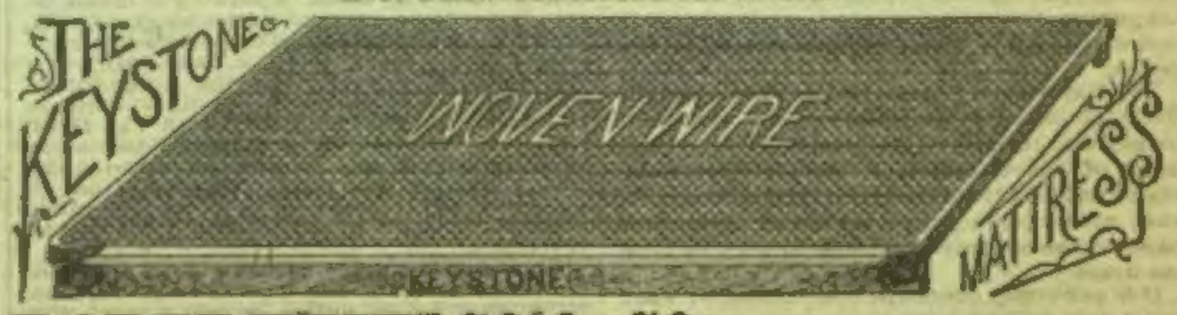
DURABLE, COMFORTABLE, CLEANLY, HEALTHFUL AND ECONOMICAL. ALTOGETHER THE MOST DESIRABLE SPRING BED IN USE.



ROBERT KELSO & CO.,

Manufacturers.

210 MARKET ST., - - - - - - Philadelphia.

☞ **Send for Circular and Price List.**

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE newest woolen materials for spring costumes are self-colored, different shades of tan prevailing; ecru, cream, and beige tints are also to be seen, while some of the shades are so pale that they look like soiled white, and depend for beauty of effect on their fine texture and good weaving. A novelty is watered striped woolen, which I have principally seen in the new sapphire blue and medium brown shades; the effect is that of the satin striped moires worn during the winter. Beige de sante is a novelty among the flannel-finished fabrics; it is soft and sleazy, and is usually offered in beige and tan shades. The foulard silks, being both soft and flexible, reappear in gay colors with mixed patterns of Pompadour shades, and also covered with the old-fashioned designs formerly seen on challis and organdy muslins. There are also gay bandana plaids shown in these silks, and which are newer than Scotch tartans; the plaids are not large, but they are very bright, including claret, green, and white, or olive, blue, and old gold. For over-dresses in summer a great demand is predicted for these bandana Louisine silks.

The chief difference between the new costumes and those of last season is the more elaborate draping in the way of gathered and folded fronts, and the bouffant effect of panniers on the hips and at the back. Skirts are still narrow, and are trimmed with kiltings, box-plaitings or clustered trimmings. The turned-up bands or laveuse effects are still seen, and are rendered more effective by being made of a material that contrasts strongly with that of the dress. For example, woolen costumes, of self-colours, such as olive, gendarme, or rifle green, have the turned-up band or Laveuse effect of a gay plaid with the quaintest combination of colors. Contrasting colors will also be used in trimming various woolen costumes; the new chintz foulards, brocaded blue silk, etc., being used on many neutral tints. The buttons on such dresses are flat pearl, gilded and tinted and inlaid with colors to correspond with the trimmings. Any style more picturesque could not be imagined than costumes made of the new Pompadour foulards, challis, and cotton sateens. The bodices are trimmed with Breton lace, and made with elbow sleeves and fichus and pretty bows of satin. The contrasts of color in such costumes are charming—for example, an ecru sateen flowered over with pink and blue would be trimmed with deep claret and pale blue ribbons; and many of the ideas for making up these chintz foulards are suggested by Watteau paintings and Dresden china shepherdesses.

The special novelty in cambrics consists of small stripes in Roman colors on dark grounds, and Pompadour colors on deep blue and green grounds, and these cambrics are made up in combination with either silk or self-colored cambric. Light Indian cashmere, in various shades of beige, is to be a very popular material for spring costumes, and a quantity of turquoise blue Indian cashmere is being made up; but, of course, can only be worn by young people. Several new fancy woolens in good taste have been manufactured; the most prominent is Pekin delaine, with satin stripes, and frequently the stripes are of different colors; for town wear there is Pekin delaine in gendarme blue, ground and stripes all blue alike; but later on, for country and seaside costumes, this will be replaced by dragon Pekin—dark blue with red stripes.

For dress trimmings all the figured silks and satins, either Pompadour or polka dots, are brought into requisition to form the revers or panels on the drapery, and the vest and coat trimmings. Among the costumes displayed by Mr. Wanamaker, and an admirable type of the most popular style was one of gray summer cloth, made with a wide kilt pleating of the material on the skirt on which was arranged a full drapery of the cloth caught at each side in a number of folds under straight panels of blue satin with white polka dots. The basque was cut in three square tabs in the back, each one laced with the satin and turned up to form a loop fastened by buttons. The front extends only to the waist where a wide belt of blue satin was fastened by a steel buckle, the belt beginning at the side seams. A kerchief of the satin was laid in folds and caught under the belt.

Another costume will also prove a desirable model, composed of woolen material of the popular Alderney shade. The flounce on the skirt was arranged in wide double box pleats each one separated by a perpendicular band of brown satin with watered stripes. The overskirt was draped as a plain tunic, quite high in front, the edge being turned under and concealed in the fulness, and in the back formed a succession of loopings. The corsage was cut with a basque back open at last seam, and a fan pleating of the striped silk inserted in each opening; the fronts are cut in fichu shape, crossing and fastening under a wide belt of silk folds which extended from the side seams.

The majority of the short costumes have but little trimming on the skirt as the increased length and fulness of the drapery conceals so much of the underskirt. Sleeves are coat-shape and but little trimmed, generally a small cuff, either plain or bordered by a narrow band of the contrasting material used to trim the dress.

It is generally conceded that cotton, or wash materials, will be worn more than ever this Summer, and certainly the exquisite variety of these goods displayed this Spring warrant their taking the lead in dress goods, as well as the elaborate models by which they are to be made.

There is a large choice in washing materials; cretonnes, cambrics, lawns, percales, zephyrs, Attalias, and Galateas are all to be worn. The lace muslinettes have, besides the interwoven pattern, tiny bouquets printed upon them, and in the lace stripes colored silks are interwoven.

But with such inexpensive materials style is everything—not elaborate trimmings, but style—the most difficult thing in the world to define.

Particularly well worn just now are the so-called "baby" bodices, fulled slightly back and front with a band, coat sleeves, and a turn-back or veritable coat cuff, buttoning on the outside of the arm.

H. M. S. Pinafore is the name given to a washing dress. For young figures the make is both new and stylish. The underdress is of rich dark-colored sateen, crimson, bottle-green, or blue; and the over-dress, in the form of a pinafore, is of light cambric, studded with gay flowerets like the challis of olden times, buff, stone, fawn, &c., being the ground colors. The trimming to the pinafore or over-dress is Madeira embroidery.

The Pocket-handkerchief Costume is another style of washing dress. Here we have the parasol, hat, and dress all made of colored spotted cambric handkerchiefs, thirty of which are brought into requisition for one dress. The borders are contrived so that there are crossbars at the corners of collars, cuffs, &c., or wherever a decided corner is wanted. Much ingenuity has been exercised in planning these costumes, but the result is a decided success.

The tunics, as a rule, appear to be distinct in front, and gathered in easy horizontal folds. The backs of the tunics are straight, and are looped in every conceivable way nearly every dress differently; but the ends are almost always square.

All-round deep-basqued jackets and a large variety of jackets and waistcoats are applied to washing dresses, and especially those in the Incroyable style, double-breasted, fastened with some four or five buttons at the waist, showing the waistcoat above and below. Jackets opening to display waistcoats made of the plain material, gathered at the waist, are fashionable, for all washing dresses are mixed, either plain and figured, or two shades of plain. With the figured materials plisses and bias bindings of the plain color are fashionable, while into the front and sleeves of some of the dresses oval slashings of color five or six inches long are introduced with good effect. A useful style of making a simple washing dress consists of a polonaise of striped cotton, gathered in the front at the waist, and at intervals the whole length of the tunic; a bow of ribbon at each gathering. A band encircles the back of the waist from the side seams, and the tunic is draped at the sides and back and bordered with a box plaiting with beading, the plaits set wide apart, and a band of plain color threaded through them; a similar flounce, only wider, borders the skirt.

Short dresses will, without doubt, be the fashion of the season for washing materials. Sleeves will be worn narrow at the wrist, put in high, and full on the shoulders.

The bows which will be used on washing dresses this season will be formed of long loops, turning downwards, in a mixture of color, the ribbon not more than an inch wide, generally satin; but on the Pompadour and cottons, with small bouquets of flowers, the brocaded Pompadour ribbons will be used. The favorite laveuse tunics are still fashionable in washing dresses, but they turn upwards very low down on the skirt, and only to the depth of less than half a yard.

Some of the Pompadour cottons made with plain material have the new tunics which open with Watteau sacque trains and colored front breadths, but oftener just walking length, the petticoat in plisses headed by Ragusa lace, a Watteau tunic coming as a sash from the neck, border with lace and plaiting a la vielle, caught up on either side with bows of ribbon, and opening from the waist, showing the plain-colored petticoat trimmed with lace in front, the front of the bodice having a pointed stomacher, and fastening at the side elbow sleeves. With these dresses there is a disposition to trim the square bodices with falling collars of lace, after the models of those worn in the Stuart time.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK.

SPANISH work begins to find favor with us; I allude to the table covers and long narrow cushions of plush, silk, or cloth, covered with interlaced braiding or chain stitch in silk or chenille, and satin or cloth application, occasionally varied by passe embroidery. The bordering of raised looped stitch, terminates in fluffy tassels, grelot-shaded, the corner ones being round flat. Similar tassels ornament dainty wall pockets composed of three miniature horns in ebonised bamboo, placed back to back, each lined with different satin, tufted by contrasting buttons. A flounce of pinked-out embroidery sets up the whole. Such knick-knacks are intended for the centre of tables, and hence called "milieu de table." Speaking of tables reminds me of two great novelties for gipsy ones, viz.: a glass sheltered top in parchment carving imitating ivory; and one, hand-painted by the Indians, reproducing the splendor of Cashmere shawl patterns. Another table, in the Henri II. style, is covered with Van Dyck red plush, adorned by passe embroidery and a tapestry applique, woven or hand-made; fringe finishes the edge. The same use of ancient stuffs is shown by a Louis XV. plush cushion, with an applied pattern of various materials.

Plush figures enter largely in all kinds of decoration. They are even used on screens, either as strips or entire panels, a most gorgeous model being in antique red, enriched with Oriental embroidery, relieved by gold thread. An entirely novel style of decoration, however consists in having the top of each leaf embroidered with one of the letters composing the owner's name. From it meander scrolls, flowers, and emblems after the manner of old illuminated MSS., the whole carried out in a combination of exquisite painting and embroidery. For instance, if there is the name to be embroidered on fold "A," two cupids support armorial bearings placed cross-wise, from which frolic a troop of little amorettes, armed with bows and well-stocked quivers, and actually fighting amidst roses. Panel "B" displays a country seat wrought in chenille, round which gambol shepherds and shepherdesses; while the side is ornamented with sheep-crooks, and field flowers. The third leaf represents a dance of cupids, with appropriate emblems, such as candelabra, fans, various musical instruments. On panel "C" we behold a magnificent dinner. The plush foundation is strewn with flowers and sweets, and little sprites throw aside their arrows to kneel in mute admiration before a huge pate de foie gras. A winter walk concludes the five pictures, the distant ruddy glare of a fire lighting up the snow, whereon slide many sledges and skaters. Close by flower bushes of camellias.

Pale blue moire, tufted with pearls, forms a dainty boudoir screen. Fire screens also show much ingenuity in design. One, divided into three compartments, comprises glass-protected squares of embroidery mounted on a mahogany stand. The central leaf displays the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," inscribed on a ribbon fluttering among roses, thistles, and shamrocks, while the two side leaves bear the words, "There is no place like home," and "My house is my castle," surrounded by various English blossoms.

The naturalist on oval screens exhibits his collections, either of birds perched on a tree, or butterflies in brilliant clusters, both inclosed by a glass case.

Very durable banner screens are made up in cloth decorated with Breton embroidery, so similar in its brilliancy to the famed Oriental. One pretty specimen has a chaplet flowers, outlined with braid caught down centrally by herringbone stitches—a far quicker plan than in the companion screen, where the herring-bone stitching secures either edge of the braid.

In harmony with these, the same style of work ornaments a gipsy table top. In the centre of the garden ground is embroidered a large carmine red star, round which revolve smaller blue ones, and last orange-colored rays and arabesques in greenish blue and yellow meadow green, purple, violet, and carmine. The encircling festoons and rays of different color contrast well with the purple calyx and carmine corolla of bordering flowers. The whole is completed by a variegated cord, and executed in trellis cable, basket and Ku stan stitches.

The following arrangement, although rather intricate, composes a very uncommon quilt in blue cashmere: In the centre feather-stitch quilting of white silk describes a diamond pattern, each section relieved by ovals embroidered in fawn colored silks. Outside the four corners appear cashmere scrolls of the lighter shade, applique by feather stitches. Dovetailed vandykes of both colors form a border, resting on blue silk plaiting. Contrasting stars are worked on every point.

With crocheted rings pleasing knicknacks are contrived. Tiny ones, like those formerly used for looping up dresses, compose little satchels, long and bag purses, music covers, mats, &c.; these are either unicolored in silk and wool, or by a judicious disposal of hues represent geometrical designs.

For round articles, a soft effect is imparted by several shades of the same color in this wise: the centre dark, and every surrounding row gradually paling, or vice versa. Wall pockets require larger rings, with a bead sewn in the middle of each. A lining of contrasting silk is added when preferred.

Leaving the attractions of needle work for another discussion, I will give my readers a few extracts from Miss Dods' closing lecture on cooking, the recipes in which I think will prove welcome to all housekeepers who delight in tempting little dishes.

Scotch Short Bread.—The articles required are one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar and the yolk of one egg. Put all these ingredients in a bowl, mix them slightly and knead them together with the yolk of the egg. Lay the dough on a piece of brown paper folded, into three or four thickness, and press it out to the right shape with the fingers, occasionally rolling it with a rolling pin until it is half an inch in thickness; now take a teaspoonful, dip it in flour and mark the dough all around the edges with the spoon, after which prick it all over with a fork to prevent it from rising. Then put it on a cold baking tin, and bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

Aunt Martha's Pudding.—"The ingredients for this delicacy," began the lecturer, "are six ounces bread crumbs, three ounces sugar, one gill milk, the yolks of three eggs and the whites of two eggs, a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla and a few dried cherries."

"Now, I take a mould," explained Miss Dods, suiting the action to the word; "grease it well, and dip it into boiling water to be sure that the butter covers every part of the mould. Then I garnish the mould with the cherries and weigh out the bread crumbs. Then I measure out one gill of milk, and set it over the fire to boil. Stale bread might be used instead of bread crumbs. Put the crumbs into a bowl and add three ounces of sugar, and pour over it the boiling milk, and to this add the yolks of three eggs. The whites I put on a dry plate and beat up very stiffly. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla, and beat it well together, throwing in a very little salt; mix it lightly with the bread crumbs, and pour into the mould, taking care not to disarrange the raisins. The top of the mould I now cover with a piece of brown paper, and set it into a vessel of hot water, taking care that the water does not extend more than half the depth of the mould. In this condition it must be allowed to steam for an hour and a half. For a sauce for the pudding take one large tablespoonful of any kind of jam, a gill of water, an ounce of sugar, a few drops of cochineal, to give it a beautiful color. I put the jam and sugar in a small saucepan, a gill of water, a few drops of cochineal, and stir it until it boils, when it is ready for use. A few drops of lemon may be used instead of cochineal, though the latter is perfectly harmless."

How to Make Cheese Fritters.—Take three ounces flour, three ounces dried cheese, one egg, and a very little salt, a good quantity of pepper, a gill of tepid water, and a teaspoonful of salad oil. Now put in a small bowl three ounces of flour and pour in the centre of it a teaspoonful of salad oil and pour over this the tepid water. Then throw in the yolk of one egg and mix this well together and add the pepper and salt and three ounces of grated cheese. After the cheese is added beat them well together and then beat to a stiff froth the white of an egg. The cheese should be allowed to stand for an hour or two before beating the egg and then stirred in with the egg. As soon as the smoke rises from the clarified fat put the cheese in, a spoonful at a time, and allow them to fry three minutes. The instant the fritter rises to the top turn it over to brown on the other side. Then put them on a piece of brown paper and garnish them with a little parsley.

Answers to Inquirers.

BESSIE (Gilmer, Ga.)—Wait. You are still young, and will doubtless have many more chances.

L. A. (York, Me.)—Tell the young gentleman candidly that you dislike flattery of so fulsome a character.

STOVE (Phila., Pa.)—Paper of cotton rags invented towards the close of the tenth century. Paper made of linen in 1300.

CALHOUN, (Miss.)—If the gentleman really cares for you he would not pay other young ladies more attention than yourself.

MINER, (Summit Hill, Pa.)—The deepest artesian well in the world is now in progress at Pesth, Hungary, and has already reached a depth of 3,118 feet.

REGIS (Wise, Tex.)—Hindostan exports gold and silver, cochineal, indigo, sarsaparilla, vanilla, jalap, fustic, campeachy wood, pimento, drugs and dye-stuffs.

N. O. M. (Colbert, Ala.)—Witnesses are required at all such marriages, and there is no State in which they are not necessary in order to render the ceremony legally complete.

R. L., (Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Your best plan would be to read the daily papers and answer any advertisement that you might consider suitable; or else advertise for the post you require.

READER (Worcester, Pa.)—
Christians have burned each other, quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they did.
is from Byron's Don Juan.

R. A. S., (Mich.)—Southey's Chronicle of the Cid is a free translation of one of the most interesting works of a bygone age, which gives a full length picture of Spain in those far off times. It is as genuine as history based on ballads can be.

MARY S., (Grant, Ark.)—Rabbit skins may be softened, after being dressed, by rubbing in a little arsenic powder or some gin, then draw them backwards and forwards through a ring just the size to allow them to pass tightly through.

T. P. TOOLE, (Utah.)—Postage stamps were first introduced by Sir Rowland Hill, of England. Their use was advocated by him in 1837, and they were adopted by the British Post Office in 1840, the stamps being first used on May 6 of that year. They were introduced into the United States in 1847.

BROAD ST., (Phila., Pa.)—Hipparchus, in 126 B. C. made a catalogue of 1,022 stars, all that can be seen by the naked eye. Flamstead, with telescopes, made another of 2,594. Bode, in 1800, of 17,000; and Lalande, same year, of 50,000. Herschel computed 68,000 in nearly six degrees of the milky way.

ENGAGED (Manayunk, Pa.)—Yes. St. Paul does make a quotation from Menander, a heathen writer, who wrote about one hundred plays, only fragments of which remain. The passage is to be found in Chap. XV., 1st Cor., 33d verse, and is "Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners."

FRECKLES, (St. Louis, Mo.)—The best gauze veil to wear for preserving the complexion from sun freckles is one of orange and lemon color; next to these colors green or pale brown. To make the hair to grow long, bathe the head with warm water, and leave the hair as loose as possible. If it splits, cut the points once a month.

JACKSON, (Lehigh, Pa.)—Whether the "serpent" in the garden of Eden was a form assumed by Satan cannot be determined. Nothing is gained by striving to rest these narratives on a historical basis. Their purpose is to teach great truths, and they teach by allegory. The controversy degenerates into an unseemly wrangle; while the issue involved is beyond the limits of doubt and dispute.

M. M., (Clark, Ind.)—Musk is properly an animal substance, but there is a great deal of manufactured musk in the market. Real musk is obtained from an animal of the deer kind, found in Thibet and Tonquin. In its natural state, musk looks like dried blood. The manufactured article is made in various ways, and is scented with the genuine. Musk was formerly a fashionable perfume, but has long lost its old prestige.

CONSTITUTION (Jefferson, Kans.)—Cleopatra, the last queen of Egypt was born in Alexandria in 69, died there in 30, B. C. Her father, King Ptolemy Auletes, died in 51, B. C., and left her by his will the joint heir of the throne with her brother Ptolemy, who was also, according to a not uncommon practice of the Egyptian royal families, to become nominally her husband. She afterward gained the love of Cæsar and then of Mark Antony. 2. Bon nuit is French and in English means "good night."

GRACE C., (Lewis, W. Va.)—We may put Gay's question to you—

Can love be controlled by advice?
Will Cupid our mothers obey?

Your parents have your best interests at heart; for it is after marriage generally that the "shoe" begins to pinch. Let the fiance endeavor to make some fair provision, and afterwards let him come forward and plead his cause; he will then have every right to do so and you to second him.

A. (Norfolk, Va.)—Sometimes the nose turns red from not taking sufficient nourishment; as we do not know the state of your health we cannot tell you what to try as a remedy. We advise you to consult a doctor. 2. When the soles of the boots have been wetted they seldom creak. You must not keep them in too dry an atmosphere. 3. A handsome meerschaum pipe, a handsome cigar-case, writing case, desk, or books, would any of them be suitable presents. You should always make a present in accordance with the taste of the receiver. 4. You can purchase the song anywhere. We cannot insert the words.

E. N., (Cecil, Md.)—The fault in you evidently is that you think too much of yourself, and are too much absorbed in trying to imagine what other people think of you. That keeps you all the time in such a state of self-consciousness that you cannot help being bashful and awkward. The root of this evil is probably found in the fact that the base of your character is founded on selfishness and vanity. If, when you go to a party you should care more about making others happy than about making "a fine impression" on the company, you would not be so distressingly embarrassed as you now complain of being on such occasions.

MOTHERLESS, (Chester, Pa.)—Take the chance which presents itself. Is the young man inferior in education? If so, educate him. A man learns quickly when in love. But education is not all. He may be wise, clever, good, skilful, apt, able, cunning, farseeing, facile, pleasing prompt, pertinacious, brave, solid, noble, reverent, upright, and zealous, and yet not educated in the full sense. As Horace has it

Wise without rule, and without ruling learn'd

Marry such a man, and respect him; and be sure you do not look down upon him from your little pedestal of "education." You might write and express yourself much better. Remember, if he is slightly younger, still the man is the head of the woman. Bear this in mind, and you will be happy

SIR (Phila, Pa.)—Job's turkey came to be a symbol of poverty through Judge Haliburton, who popularized the interesting facts that Job's turkey had but one feather in his tail and to lean against the fence to gobble. 2. The phrase, "He will never set the river on fire," was originally applied to a dull fellow, so torpid of nature that in handling the "lasse" or sleve in his work he would never run any risk of setting it on fire by too brisk a friction. The word "tesse" is preserved still in the French tasse, from which it came. In process of time it became confounded through a similarity of pronunciation with the name of the great English river Thames, and on the American side of the Atlantic we have gradually applied it in a general way to rivers in general. The French equivalent has undergone an analogous modification. It used to be said originally of a blockhead.

W. B. H. A., (York, N. B.)—Some of the names you give are old Indian terms, the meaning of which it is at this time utterly impossible to ascertain. We give the following:—Arkansas from "Kansas," the Indian name for "smoky water," with the French prefix "ark," bow. Kentucky is Indian for "at the head of the river." Wisconsin is Indian for a "wild rushing channel." Indiana was so called in 1858 from American Indians. Iowa is from the Indian signifying "the drowsy ones, Minnesota the name for "cloudy water." California, the name given by Cortes, the discoverer of that region. He probably obtained it from an old Spanish romance, in which an imaginary island of that name is described as abounding in gold. Cocagne, is in old French romances a term for a place of imaginary delight. Nowadays it is used with reference to London—the land of cockneys. 2. The algebraic problem would be of no interest to our readers generally.